MOUNTAIN LIFE

AND

COFFEE CULTIVATION

IN

CEYLON.

MOUNTAIN LIFE

AND

Coffee Cultivation

IN

CEYLON,

A POEM ON THE KNUCKLES RANGE,

WITH OTHER POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM SKEEN,
MEMBER OF THE CEYLON BRANCH OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

LONDON:
EDWARD STANFORD, 6 & 7, CHARING CROSS, S. W.

MDCCCLXX.

BODLEIAN
13 7 1904
LIBRARY

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
PREFACE	9
PRELIMINARY NOTE . . .	13
THE KNUCKLES:	
Introduction	17
CANTO I.	
The View	23
CANTO II.	
Change of the Monsoons—Forest Clearings—Commerce—Western Enterprise . .	39
CANTO III.	
Planting Pioneers—The "Knuckles' Bricks"—An Explanation	57
CANTO IV.	
Planting Hospitality—Roads—Historical Digressions, Ancient and Modern—Honor to whom honor is due	73
CANTO V.	
Roads and Paths—Bungalows—Planters—Buildings—Lines—Coolies—Plantations—Crops—Estate operations . . .	101
THE FAREWELL	127

	PAGE.
ODE on the Unveiling of the Statue to the Memory of Sir H. G. WARD, G.C.M.G.	135
IN MEMORIAM.—I. Earls Dalhousie, Canning and Elgin	141
II. Viscount Palmerston	145
OCCASIONAL PIECES.	
I woo thee, sweet Spirit of song	151
The brilliant, the ruby, the pearl and opal	154
Sweet are the memories of the past	155
As mourns its mate the lonely dove	156
THE CHRISTMAS TREE	157
NOTES	163

PREFACE.

THE writer's object, in penning the following Poem, was to record impressions and recollections occasioned by short visits made to the Knuckles District in May 1867 and February 1868. Composed at first of daily jottings on the spot, and intended only for communication to a few intimate friends, he was ultimately led to believe that they might be made sufficiently interesting for public perusal, and they accordingly made their appearance in the columns of the Ceylon Observer between the months of March and June in the present year.

During the course of the original publication, as well as subsequently, the writer received from various quarters criticisms of both a friendly and a hostile stamp. Encouraged by the former and benefited

by the latter,—for "out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong there came forth sweetness,"—notwithstanding that the management of an extensive and increasing business left him but few spare moments for indulging in poetical studies, he has endeavoured, by a careful revision, to render his work worthy of general approval; and although some blemishes may still remain, which greater leisure and more propitious circumstances might have enabled him to remove, yet these aside, he may be allowed to remark, that while the poem is, in most respects, in substance the same as at first, there are material differences in the two publications; differences observable at a glance; but akin in their nature to those which exist between a tree when in bud, and the same tree when in blossom; with a growth of orchids superadded in the shape of digressions, that may possibly, in the estimation of some readers, possess a special interest of their own.

The Ode on the Unveiling of the Statue in Memory of the late Sir HENRY WARD, may be

considered supplementary to a portion of the contents of Canto IV.; and the writer trusts that no apology need be made for its insertion in the book. For the rest, he would merely state that the Poem entitled "The Christmas Tree," is from the pen of his gifted and venerable Father.

So far as the general features of the "Knuckles" are concerned, the descriptions given are correct to the letter. In regard to many matters incidentally alluded to or touched upon, what is true of one District is also equally true of all; and those portions which describe the felling of the forest, the formation of plantations, and the routine of operations upon estates in connection with Coffee culture, are of universal application. To readers who have not had opportunities of visiting Coffee estates or Districts, the Poem will, the writer hopes, afford a fair idea of the places where the fragrant berry is grown, and the processes it undergoes before it reaches the state in which dwellers at home consume it.

As a specimen of Ceylon Typography, the book is not without a certain interest; the writer, the Government Printer, having been permitted, by the kindness of the Honorable W. C. Gibson, the Colonial Secretary, to print it at the Government Printing Office, where it has served the useful purpose of helping to train up some lads who are there learning the rudiments of the "divine and noble art." A portion has however been printed by Mr. Francis Fonseka of Chatham Street, to whom the writer is indebted for very material assistance in passing it through the press.

Colombo,
December 13, 1868.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.

THE following information respecting the District whose name gives its title to the present work, is principally derived from Mr. A. M. Ferguson's valuable Planting Gazetteer for 1859.

"THE KNUCKLES DISTRICT is so named from the resemblance of the summits of the most elevated portion of the Mountain range, viewed from a distance, to the knuckles of the human hand. Anciently it included the adjacent District of Kallibokke and Rangalla. By the Committee of the Planters' Association in 1856 those latter were erected into separate Districts, and the Knuckles District proper was defined as follows:—Bounded North by the Hoolankande and Knuckles ridge; East by the Knuckles range; South by the Kottaganga; and West by the Hoolaganga.

"The first Coffee Estate in this District was opened in 1842, and although for some years subsequent to the monetary panic of 1848, properties generally were much neglected, no extent of cultivation has been abandoned. The District is mountainous, the Estates being situated on the

western face of the great Knuckles range (highest point 6,089 ft.) Their general elevation is about 3,500 feet, the lowest point being 2,700 feet, and the highest 4,300 feet."

The mountains are steep, and although the temperature greatly favours decomposition, the monsoon rains wash down all accumulations of soil and vegetable humus into the lower slopes and valleys. The effect of this is seen in the marked difference in the character of the vegetation in various parts of the District, which, in some of the higher regions is peculiarly stunted and shrubby, while below huge forest trees abounded where now the Coffee flourishes luxuriantly.

"The best aspect for Coffee cultivation is on slopes facing towards the east, as they are the first to get the morning sun. The climate is wet, but temperate and healthy. Temperature seldom beyond 76° or lower than 65° except on the coldest mornings in February and March, when the thermometer may occasionally be seen as low as 53°.

"Winds are high during the South-West Monsoon, but not injuriously so to Coffee cultivation, when the young trees are securely staked. The District is well sheltered from the North-East winds.

"Bug is not prevalent; it occasionally shews itself on a few acres here and there, but disappears in a few months.

The Knuckles, in comparison with many other localities, would seem to be particularly favored in this respect. The appearance of the blight may generally (but not always) be traced to an uncleared ravine, or to other wet marshy spots. No antidote having been discovered the disease is allowed to take its course.

"The soils are various, but generally of a rich loam, limestone forming the basis of a portion of the District. The best soil is found under overhanging precipices and in fields interspersed with rocks and boulders.

"Coolies resort freely to the District. With the exception of Rice, they are obliged to obtain their supplies from Kandy, or Matelle, which places may be considered the market towns or stations of the District.

"The adjacent country is but thinly inhabited by Natives, and they scarcely produce food enough for their own subsistence.

"Pasturage, on Patna Land, is good and extensive, but inaccessible, at present, to more than three or four estates. Ravines, swamps and waste spots are generally planted with Mauritius grass, as much for the purpose of keeping down weeds as for fodder. Live Stock do not thrive well, until acclimatized, and consequently are not numerous.

"Good substantial Stores have been built on the majority of the Plantations, with the usual appurtenances for economizing labour, such as water-wheels, and improved machinery. Coffee shoots for sending down the berries picked from distant fields have been put up on several of the properties."

Great improvements have taken place in the District since the above account was written. Then, during the prevalence of heavy rains, it was completely cut off from communication with any other part of the country by the rising of the Hoolaganga. Now, perhaps no District is better supplied with Roads and Bridges, and the obstacles which impeded the development of its capabilities, and respecting which the Planters had long complained, have within the last few years been almost wholly, if not entirely, removed

The District comprises 19 Estates, in which about 4,350 acres are under cultivation; yielding on an average a crop of from 7½ to 8 cwts. an acre. The names of the estates are as follows:—Allacolla, Baddegamakelle, Bamberella, Battagalla, Florence, Gangamulla, Goomeratenne, New Goomera, Gowragalla, Kandikettia, Kattool-oya, Leangolla, Lebanon, Madakelle, Middleton, Montserrat, Mooragahagalla, Tunisgalla, and New Tunisgalla.

The Knuckles.

INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

In that fair Isle for pearls renown'd,
Where lustrous gems far famed are found ; ([a])
Where quartz-form'd snow-white sand-plains yield
Rich spice from fragrant laurels peel'd ; ([b])
Where as with emerald girdle bound
The shore with palms is belted round ; ([c])
Where inland strewn, lie relics vast,
Proud monuments, that ages past
Were built, while time should be, to last ; ([d])
Where legends venerable declare
Abode Mankind's primæval pair,
Adam with Eve surpassing fair ; ([e])
Where, in grand Indian epic old, ([f])
Which sings of feats and exploits bold

In times when gods of men were made,
Scenes that with interest thrill are laid;
Where Sita from her loved lord lured,
Rávana, Demon-king, immured,
Till, aided by Súgríva's train,
Ráma the ravisher had slain;
Where, when with wisdom glorious, shone
King Solomon on Israel's throne,
His merchants came on quest for gold ([g])
In ships with Tyrian crews enroll'd;
Where Goutama, the Prince and Sage,
And man most wondrous of his age,
The Budhist faith implanted firm
Long ere commenced the Christian term; ([h])
Where, eras ere the Norman slew
Harold, and Britain brought to rue,
Wejaya, with his warlike horde,
Outlaws from Ind, by force and fraud

A monarchy supreme had gain'd
Where since eight-score five kings have reign'd ; ([i])
Where centuries past the Iberian race
'Neath flag of Portugal found place, ([j])
Till from each stronghold both were hurl'd,
And Holland standard proud unfurl'd, ([k])
To float thrice fifty years, then droop
And vanish at Britannia's swoop :—([l])
O'er all that Isle, CEYLON yclept,
Where Kandian Kings their throne had kept
And sceptre held against the clutch
Alike of Portuguese and Dutch,
The Mistress of the Seas her sway
Now holds ; her mandates all obey :—([m])
There, where on high waves England's jack,
The ensign that defies attack,
A dweller many a weary year,
Afar from all that heart holds dear,

Was one who in life's spring had caught
"The art unteachable, untaught,"
Whose minstrel powers, long dormant laid,
Hid as the sword-sheath hides the blade,
Flash'd forth anew in mountain air
On visit to a region fair,
A District one of many bright ([n])
That in the interior delight,
Where Industry, combined with Skill,
With Coffee clothes each cloud-capp'd hill,
Whose produce, world-wide known, a name
Hath won, that rivals Mocha's fame. ([o])

How into song the minstrel broke,
How to the Muse's wooing woke,
Where o'er the harp his hand did steal,
The following pages will reveal.

Canto I.

THE VIEW.

I.

Due East, majestical uprise
And spread their summits to the skies
In group that mark'd resemblance points
To a clench'd hand's protruding joints,
The 'Knuckles';—hills with contour grand
Embosoming a fairy land.
The District thus distinctive named
Here as in horse-shoe form is framed,
Each heel a massive mountain steep
Scarp'd with stern precipices deep;
The whole a vast granitic screen
Ere o'er whose ridge the Sun is seen,
From Ocean's bed that orb sublime
Its eastern slopes an hour must climb,

His advent heralding with rays
On far off western peaks that blaze,
Then o'er the hills, dales, valleys, streams,
Sudden pours down his glowing beams
And bathes at once the prospect bright
In floods of vivifying light.

Not many an Island scene can vie,
Or more entrance the raptured eye,
Than that, outspread as on a map,
Beheld from Battagalla gap, ([1])
A glorious expanse to view
When pass'd th' high rock that rent runs through.
In front, and facing to the north
Huge, wedge-shaped Goomera, sharp stands forth,
O'er 'gainst it, Battagalla steep
Completes the cyclopean sweep :

Extending o'er the horizon,
In distance clear, the eye rests on
The Dolosbagie mountains famed,(2)
And mass that "Bible Rock"(3) is named;
Nearer, the Gampola range (4) is seen
And Kadugannava's,(5) where, between
The hills that form the Gap,(6) sharp sight
On Dawson's Monument will light,
A point where Pass, Road, Rail surmount,—
Works which as Eastern marvels count,—
Hantanne,(7) "Mutton Button"(8) high
Still nearer, to the Southwest, lie;
Next Hewahetta's mountains rise (9)
And Maturatta's kiss the skies; (10)
Close by, Rangalla's brow (11) appears,
And South, the Samanele rears
Yon Peak,(12) of legends wild and strange,
That crowns the Sap'ragamuwa range,

While Hunasgiria's tall,[13] North-west,
Lets on its range long shadows rest:
Beneath expand the fertile vales
And minor hill-divided dales
Of Doombera, Kallibokka fair,
And Madoolkelle central, where
The Post its daily budget brings
And scatters news as 'twere with wings.

From this high stand-point, all around
Rise mountains huge,—drop depths profound,—
Spring watercourses,—streamlets brawl,—
Rush oyas here,—there cascades fall,—
While far away, like ribands red
Roads o'er the hills and valleys spread,
And built on many a charming spot,
The Planters' homes the landscape dot.

The elk and elephant have here
In forests dense their coverts drear,
Harried and hunted only when
They trespass on the haunts of men
And rouse the dormant love of chase
That tracks them to each hiding place,
Each jungle close, and ravine deep,
Through which, pursued, they rush and leap,
Impell'd instinctively to fly
But doom'd by sportsman's hand to die.
Here, with his grunting brood, the boar
Roams, roots about,—with savage mien
Watching, and whetting his curved tusks keen,
A dang'rous brute:—with visage hoar
Here the black wanderoos ([14]) are seen,
Gambolling in the foliage green,
But soon as stranger's form they pry,
As swift as twinkling of an eye,

With bellowing bark from tree to tree
They bound, and far his presence flee.

Exuberant in every form
Springs vegetation here—moist, warm
The atmosphere, where run the streams
That sparkle in the sun's bright beams,
Wide scattering spray—and rich the tints
Dame Nature lavishly imprints
On grasses, trees, and ferns and flowers,
With which her kingdom here she dowers.

Here,—known to Kelaart,([15]) recognized
In his and Layard's ([16]) writings prized—
Gay butterflies disport in air,
And chase evade of birds as fair,

Of lustrous plumage, that in flight
Seem colour'd rays of rainbow light,
While soaring in the blue serene
Aërial hunters may be seen,
Birds of the swift-wing'd falcon tribe,
That sweeping circles vast describe,
Or swoop like lightning from the sky
When they their destin'd prey descry.
These at this height, where rarely man
Ventures the prospect broad to scan,
The sense of solitude relieve,
And bid the gazer glad receive
Each beauteous view that eye doth strike,
And mind and heart delight alike,
While from the vastness of the whole
Sense of sublime steals o'er the soul.
Weird objects here, too, forth may draw
His wonder, admiration, awe,—

These boulders huge on all sides cast,
Of every shape; those fissures vast
That rive the rocks; those fractures strange
That mark and scar each mountain range,—
What mean they?—what their cause?—and whence?
Of what are they the evidence?—

Geologists, savans profound,
These questions learnedly expound;
And in their tomes the studious mind
Will puzzling problems frequent find:—
Volcanic action plain some trace
In wanderings of the boulder race;
By shiftings of Earth's axis some
Shew these phenomena have come;
The glacial theory some adopt
And prove that thus were boulders dropt,—

That ere grew mammoths out of mice
Or such like germs, on rafts of ice
They drifted round this globe terrene,
Nor land nor animals then seen,
And were by grim Disruption hurl'd
Broadcast about the upheaving world.

Each for his own hypothesis
Argues, contends, from fair premiss,
Deductions draws, on them dilates
In style that reader fascinates;
Each has his modicum of truth,
But still their science in good sooth
Is only infantile in age,
And master-minds must long engage,
Ere, like Astronomy, it rests
On base made firm by crucial tests.

A cataclysm great and dread
'Tis clear around its force hath spread;
A Deluge dire, each stone and peak
Bears witness here its wrath did wreak:
Such witness Sacred Writ confirms,
And vain such witness 'tis, in terms
More or less sceptical, to try
To doubt, contemn, evade, deny.
" Sermons in stones and running brooks,"
Here each may find who listening, looks;
And looking, listening, well may pause
To ponder on the aweful cause
That broke Earth's first foundations up,
When overflow'd th' avenging cup
Of wrath Divine, and whelm'd the world,
Its depths upheav'd, t' abysses hurl'd
Its shatter'd heights, to fragments ground
'Mongst floods, that, Earth submerged, coursed round.

Its face to purify and free
From Man's most fell iniquity.

"How wondrous beautiful is Earth!
How much more lovely at its birth,
When the Great Architect Divine
Bade it amongst the Planets shine;
When suddenly, in stellar space,
Created, it assumed its place.
By Wisdom plann'd, poised in its sphere,
Pure, perfect, then did it appear,
And shouts of joy thro' Heaven's vault rang,
And Morning Stars together sang,
When on it Man, Earth's lord, first stood,
And Voice Supreme the whole call'd good!
How still more beautiful 'twill be
When all restor'd, Great Jubilee

Will through the Universe resound,
And Misery, Sin, no more be found!"—
Such were the thoughts that thrill'd my heart
As I from reverie did start;
For I had drank with deep delight,
Deep joy, of all that met my sight,
And heedless grown of Time's swift flight,
But my companion, friend and guide,
No longer gazing there could bide:
His thoughts to duties sternly tied,
Hard, unpoetic for the time,
Could scarce with mine accordant chime,
So with broad hint home sharp to wend
Abrupt my reverie came to end.

Rested, the beauty of each scene,
Weird, wild, romantic, or serene,

The grandeur of the prospect vast
With bright warm Tropic tints o'ercast,
On heart, mind, memory imprest,
I sought in rhythmic garb t' invest,
And moments thus with pleasures stor'd,
In all their freshness to record.

Canto II.

CHANGE OF THE MONSOONS—FOREST CLEARINGS—
COMMERCE—WESTERN ENTERPRISE.

II.

Range of the quaint but graphic name,
District not least nor last in fame
'Mongst those in Lanka's isle best known
For fertile soil and produce grown,—
A gem amongst the many set
In Ceylon's sparkling carcanet;—
Fair spot where charms are lavish'd round,
Whose rocky heights with palms are crown'd,
Whose every prospect, every scene,
Is beautiful 'neath sky serene,—
A smiling aspect on thy brow
Not always wearest thou, I trow;
Sombre thy looks, when, twice a year,
The changing Monsoons roundly veer;

When with tempestuous gusts, South-west
The breezes from North-east arrest,
And *vice versâ;* then thy rocks
Ring with reverberating shocks,
Re-echo with the thunder peal,
And elemental warfare feel :
Then storm-clouds dense thy summits shroud,
Thy forests by fierce winds are bow'd,
And whirl'd along thy vales with force
Rains pour like cataracts in their course.—
The Planter, weather-bound, his books,
Accounts, returns, works up, o'erlooks ;
Reviews the past, the future plans,
Prospect of crop or blossom scans,
And finds in-doors as well as out,
Abundant means *ennui* to scout.—
The cowering Coolie, awe-struck, lists,
And fancies through the driving mists

In booming tones, from Peak to Peak,
He hears the Guardian Dévas ([17]) speak ;
Else, hidden in his lowly hut,
Shrunk out of view, with door close shut,
To Rakshásas ([18]) in every sound
He hearkens, trembling, on the ground,
His soul with quaking terror wrung
By voice of dread in unknown tongue!—
Meantime each oya, torrent fed,
Swirls, rages down its rocky bed,
And what seem'd erst a silver thread
Sudden to broad proportions spread,
Changed to a roar its sylvan hum,
A foaming river hath become ;
The trickling rill, storm-swollen, now
A cascade falls from mountain brow ;
Cascades that erst in their descent
In clouds of spray their waters spent,

Now waterfalls magnificent
Their streams in grandeur downwards pour,
And all combin'd, the parch'd earth store
With fertilizing moisture, sure
Each spot that languid look'd and poor,
To brighten, energize, and give
Fresh life, and sap invig'rative
To Coffee-trees on hill-sides grown,
And Cereals in lowlands sown,
That each, in season due, may yield
Planter or tiller of the field,
The fruits that husbandry reward,
The bounteous harvests Nature's Lord,
Bids from her bosom Earth afford.

Below the Forests' marge once stood
Like forests, many a thousand rood,

Till bought by men from Western lands
They fell 'neath energetic hands—
Fell 'neath the sturdy axemen's stroke,
Were from their rooted fastenings wroke,
And like an avalanche down broke.
The trees on lower slopes that grew
Each deftly all but sever'd through,
The topmost then with final hew
Brought sudden down, when with a clash
As when a whirlwind smites, one crash
An age's growth would hurtling dash :—
So fell each mountain's ancient glory
Of trees primeval, grand and hoary,
Moss-grown and ven'rable from age,
For some had seen the Flood assuage!
Thus Peace beneficent doth wage
Her wars, and trees not men destroys,
Though, like Bellona, she employs

The crushing steel 'gainst Nature wild,
And to consume, confusedly piled,
The fallen trees, brings torch and fire,
Of prostrate forests forms a pyre,
Each stem and branch rejoicing burns,
Its ashes to the Earth returns,
That other vegetation soon
May spring to life with aspect boon.

Thus all things old must pass away,
Thus Nature yield to Man her sway,
Her homage thus to Progress pay !
Politically understood
All working for the public good,
Or strangely men themselves delude.
Seen with utilitarian eye
The Forests hoar are doom'd to die ;

Destroy'd, the Coffee trees apace
Are quickly planted in their place.
The levelling Spirit of the Day
Thus tramples down all in its way,
Nor always, as in Coffee's case,
Does better, best, the good replace.

Now from the lines climatic where
High Coffee pays no Planter's care,
To mountain's base, where boisterous meet
The streams that swell Mooragah ([19]) fleet,—
From hill-top down to lowest dale,
On either side that oya's vale,
On north by Hoolankande ridge
And west to Hoolaganga's bridge,
And south to Kottaganga's bound,
Where'er soil suitable was found,

Estates, plantations, side by side
Absorb the District's domain wide.
Commerce on all hath laid her hand,
Hath under tribute brought the land;
Hath Capital invested; traced
Her boundaries; her agents placed;
Imported labour; built abodes;
Erected stores; constructed roads;
And seeks by skill'd sciential aid
Profits, returns, for Cash outlaid.

O sordid aim! O sordid end!
Saith austere Mammon-scorning friend!
Aim, end, of selfish greed for gold!
Pursuit to which men's souls are sold!
No mammon-lover lends an ear
To Nature's voice, blythe or severe;

Sole quest of quests his, now-a-days,
Not sentiment, but what best pays—
What in the shortest time will give
Returns to him most lucrative !
And contemplative mind must fear
He wins success at cost too dear
Who worships with a constant cry
"Profit and Loss ;"—nor smile, nor sigh,
Nor care bestows, except to try
How hoard on hoard to multiply,
Transmuting beans with skillful hands
To golden coin from foreign lands,
And grasping wealth with hourly toil
As recompense for world's turmoil !—
But few, I trow, of such are found
'Mongst those who in this Isle abound ;
And fewer still, nay none, are known
'Mongst those, whom, KNUCKLES, thou dost own !

To him, ascetic-minded elf,
Who sordid deems the winning pelf,
Suffice it here to say, Not so ;
Cash is by outlay meant to grow,
A talent 'tis, lent man for trade,
A trust with interest to be paid,
Express by sovereign law forbid
In napkin hoarded to be hid.
Man's talents vary ; safely by
May none in idlesse let them lie :
Each 'tis his duty well to use
Though not for selfish ends to abuse,
And used with wisdom, man far more
Thus gains than gold or worldly store.
Wealth, wealth must reproduce : abet
The Industrious Worker, gain to get.
And in the busy Western hives
Where race with race competes, toils, strives,

Swarms annually of labouring hands
Must seek their lot in other lands.
Necessity at first constrains,
Then Hope the emigrant sustains ;
These forces strong their powers combine
The ties of Father-land t' untwine :
Both by the Benefactor great
Are made on Man to operate :
The hope of gain him sets astir
Is to his industry the spur ;
And here, for industry and skill,
For firm indomitable will,
For recompense of hardy toil,
Was sought, was found, a suited soil.

Man's Capital,—his Cash, Hand, Brain—
His Gifts,—intended were for gain,

His weal to win : (I speak but here
Concerning temporal career) :
Each, exercised with fair free scope,
Man, diligent, for wealth may hope ;—
Nay, higher note my Muse may pitch,
" The hand of diligence makes rich ;"
" Whoso is diligent, his soul
" Shall be made fat," saith Sacred Scroll :
" The man his land that tills with care
" Shall plenty have ;"—shall have to spare :—
So run the passages I read,
So, rightly run, must race succeed
For wealth, for competence and ease,
In this fair flower of Orient Seas.

So runs the rule, emphatic, good,
Terse, easy to be understood ;

Encouraging to sanguine youth ;
By sages proved a sterling truth.
Some Fortune's favors swiftly gain,
The goal they strive for soon attain ;
Seems as it were by magic spell
They wrought—could thus success compel ;—
These, Home return'd, in affluence live ;
Authorities, they round them give
This Isle beneath the Southern Cross
A glowing fame ;—some, ruin, loss,
Declare, and truly so, to them
Hath been this Indian Ocean gem ;
Some for the climate prove unfit ;
Some lack judicious mother-wit ;
Some reckless, some imprudent are ;
Some viciously their prospects mar.
The thriftless, scampish ne'er-do-weel,
The sot, who fou' to bed doth reel,

The idling vagabond, the fool,
He who in cards delights, loves pool,
And rather far would handle cue
Than Coffee bush, must come to rue ;
Must here, as elsewhere, ever fail,
And should at Self, not Fortune, rail.
Some few, 'tis pity 't should be so,
Unfortunates, successless go,
Though strenuously they strive their best
A blight seems on their course to rest : .
And though alas ! too true ! a grave
This "Eden of the Eastern wave"
Has been to some ; to far far more,
Abundance, as in days of yore
It brings ; its old repute retains ;
Still well repays the Toilers' pains,
And yields remunerative fruit
In each, in every just pursuit.

"Adventurers" first hither came,—
A worthy borne, time-honor'd name,—
Too oft applied with scornful sneer
By those who move in different sphere,
Who superciliously look down
On tasks and toil that hands embrown :—
A kid-gloved class, who strut and swell,
Dandies who daintily will tell
The latest scandal, call it news ;
Desk ornaments, whose airs amuse ;
Mere triflers, who for place and pay,
Lounge languidly the hours away,
And deem THEIR work alone genteel,
Or so at least affect to feel : ([20])
But these were men of other stamp
Whose mettle, dauntless, naught could damp ;
Men who the forests sought, and there
Despite exposure, risk, malaire,

With purpose fix'd, like knights of old
Bent on an emprize strange and bold,
The land survey'd, their plans arranged
And soon the face of Nature changed ;
Tapp'd springs of wealth, and found, forthwith,
Treasures in trees no fabled myth,
For round about them quick upsprung
A new Pagoda-tree, where hung
In clust'ring flow'rs, buds, berries bright,
Gems ;—and that tree was Coffee hight.

Canto III.

PLANTING PIONEERS,—THE KNUCKLES' "BRICKS,"—
AN EXPLANATION.

III.

Land that if Painter e'er inspired,
E'er Genius of the Easel fired,
Than thine with wilder beauties strew'd
None e'er Salvator Rosa woo'd.
Landscapes more lovelily combin'd
'Twere scarcely possible to find
Than through thy District everywhere
Are to observant eyes laid bare :—
Than thine, 'mongst all this lovely Isle's
Where Nature wears her loveliest smiles,
Few scenes more picturesque or sweet
Will artist's, minstrel's vision greet ;
Appreciative mind more move
To start from dull prosaic groove,

Or prompt a votary of the Lay
To body forth in carols gay
Impressions pleasurable ; and tell
In cadences that tuneful swell,
In numbers musical and bright,
Remembrances of rapt delight.—
Land, goodly, fertile, pleasant, where
Sweet Woman now her presence fair
Makes manifest, and adds a grace,
A crowning beauty to the place,
In rhythmic notes of thee again
My Muse me bids renew the strain,
The theme resume, and still prolong
Of thee and thine the lyric song.

The names of those who first essay'd
Thy forest solitudes to invade,

The Planting Pioneers, who came
With felling axe and fiery flame,
The growth of ages to subdue,
And force thy soil trees to it new
To bear abundant, yielding fruit
Now Lanka's largest, best pursuit,
I know not all, nor here can tell ;
None now within thy limits dwell :
The Mighty Mower some hath ta'en,
A few yet in the Isle remain,
The rest—fulfill'd each early hope
Gone hence—come not within my scope.
I sing not individual deeds
Perform'd by Ackland, Swan, the Reids,
Lang, Darley, Dowdall, Webster, White,
Or Nicol ; I but their names recite
With Morrison's, Duncan's, Stewart's, Orr's,
Wright's, Tytler's, Bayley's, Bell's, Taylor's :

Nor care I either to narrate
How from the first each fair estate
Was oped by enterprising hands,
The thew and bone of British lands ;
Sons of the western White-cliff'd isle,
Braw bairns brought up 'neath Coila's smile,
Old Scotia's nurslings, born to roam
And find in every clime a home,—
A sturdy race, that life begins
With aims, that ere life ends, it wins,—
"Boys" from green Erin, though in truth
These seldom came, or Cambrian youth.
Yet was there in those earlier days
Reveal'd of character a phase
That stamp'd an impress, gave a name
To men and place of lasting fame,
And passing notice here the Muse
Can scarce the "KNUCKLES' BRICKS" refuse,

For strange celebrities were they
The product of a bye-gone day.

Theirs was a brotherhood that still
Through Planting circles sends a thrill
When call'd to mind are olden times
And Memory swift Life's hill-tops climbs,
And backwards takes a sudden glance
With wonder fill'd at Time's advance.
Toil-daring men, a hardier set
Never in mountain forests met,
Yet wilder madcaps none could be
In frolic, freak, quaint prank, orgie.
Unsqueamish, bold, backwoodsmen tough,
A race were they of diamonds rough
Those "Bricks," of days of auld-lang-syne,
Famous ere eighteen-forty-nine.

Shoulder to shoulder, kin to kin,
Staunch hand and glove, through thick and thin
As firm as friends, as fast in fun,
Wide-spread *eclat* they sought and won.
More generous hospitable men
'Twere hard to find, 'twere good to ken ;
Men whose traditions down will be
Handed to late posterity,
Yet of a stamp that never more
May time to Lanka's Isle restore.
An efflorescence of wild mirth,
Bursting restraint, gave sudden birth
To strangest vagaries and vents,
When from their forest-life and tents
Or rude thatch'd huts and ruder fare,
To town they rush'd, and freely there,
Like sailors fresh from year long cruise
All cock-a-hoop for aught to amuse,

Or Californian diggers, wild
To squander gold, dust, nuggets, piled,
Gave to their spirits high the rein
And heedless thus, while in the vein,
O'erflowing with convivial glee,
And rash in their rare jollity,
Grave Mrs. Grundy, sober, prim,
Outraged and shock'd and render'd grim!

Times now are changed—extinct the "Bricks,"
Well-nigh forgot their daring tricks,
And fitting 'tis o'er them the pall.
Oblivion's mantle dark should fall,
While recollections strong are twined
Round traits more sterling brought to mind.
They lived a rougher, harder life,
More lonesome strove a sterner strife

With rugged Nature,—more endured
Than those who after came, secured
A milder lot, from toil more free,
A different phase of industry.
Theirs was the Pioneer's hard moil,
Uprooting, clearing, forest soil,
And on the lonesome hill or glen
Patient and resolute these men
Made Fortune's ladder rung by rung,
With vigorous grasp the steps upsprung,
And sought to seize the golden prize
That lured afar their longing eyes.
Arduous their task ; yet done, how well
But those like placed alone can tell,
Or their successors ;—Planters, who
Their toils, experience could review,
And in their footsteps treading, still
To olden lore add modern skill,

Accumulating store of facts,
A fund of knowledge that attracts
The cogitating mind intent
To effect improvements permanent,
That each idea brings to the test
Results—returns the surest, best :—
'Tis thus, that each, in every place,
May wiser grow from race to race ;
Thus, each progressing with the age,
His art may still advance a stage :
Thus, to perfection may be brought,
Planting, an art with Science fraught—
An art that *now* more brain, less hands,
Demands on cultured Coffee lands.

Far be it from me here to stint
Due praise to others, or to hint

That Knuckles' Planting pioneers
Superior were to their compeers.
Alike throughout the Mountain Zone
Where'er Plantation Coffee's grown,
An energetic sterling race
The men of eld have left their trace.
Each Planting District witness bears
Of like emprise, toils, hardships, cares ;
Each in its earliest Planters may
Take equal pride, and none gainsay ;
While moderns—Planters of to-day—
Will in the scale of merit weigh,
And balance well with those no more,
The worthies of the days of yore.

My theme the "Knuckles," I must fain
Keep to the burden of my strain,

And no disparagement or wrong,
Districts detracting, stains my song.
I but, at worst a venial sin,
Pen, vocalize the thoughts within
That, brooking not restraint,—mind's elves—
In words will manifest themselves.
There times and seasons are when voice
Must utterance make ; when to rejoice
In sense of freedom from Life's cares,
Release from burdens business bears,
Song is the vehicle alone
That suits the buoyancy of tone,
The joy that thrills the inner man,—
'Twas 'neath such impulse strong, the plan,
The Knuckles' beauties to rehearse,
Took shape and form'd itself in verse.
Doubtless to many, to the full
As picturesquely beautiful

Are other districts,—regions fair,
That with the Knuckles will compare :
Rambodde, ([21]) for its "Falls" renown'd,
And Pusselawá, "Peacock"-crown'd, ([22])
And Poondooloya, ([23]) and a host
That charms and excellences boast.
I cavil not thereat ; let those
Who them prefer, their lot there chose,
Chant praises of the lands they love,
Nor deem that I cast down the glove
Of challenge at their feet, or try
At their expense to magnify
The District that like fairy-land
To me, a stranger, seem'd to expand,
That caused the fount of song to spring
Within my bosom, and to bring
Heart, soul, and sense in tuneful mood
While raptured I its beauties view'd.

As when artesian springs are reach'd
And fountains gush through strata breach'd,
So buoyantly the spirits rise
When every vexing harpy flies :
As when o'er harps Æolian floats
The passing breeze, wild music's notes
From chords vibrating forthwith break
And strange sweet harmonies awake :
So to its depths the soul is stirr'd
When Nature's voice is by it heard ;
Poetic strains then best express
The fulness of its gladsomeness ;
The raptured eye then quick enfolds
With grace each object it beholds,
The facile pen then plays its part
Held by adept in rhythmic art,
Describes, portrays with graphic zest,
Is of all magic wands the best.—

'Twas thus in mountain life I heard
The voice of Nature, and was stirr'd ;
Spontaneous as water flows
From fountains deep, each thought arose ;
Seem'd musical the air I breathed,
Hence garland lyrical I wreathed. ([24])

Canto IV.

PLANTING HOSPITALITY—ROADS—
HISTORICAL DIGRESSIONS, ANCIENT AND MODERN—
HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

IV.

LAND! Planting District! where I sought
Health, information, and was taught
By practised hands much planting lore,
And knowledge gain'd not known before;
Where—as in the adjoining Vale,
Sweet Kallibokka! I with hail
Of friendship warm, was, wanderer met,
When lost my road, forlorn and wet,
Thy way-side bungalow I spied
Friend MORRISON, and thither hied!
Where—as in truth 'tis everywhere
With seldom an exception rare,
The rule 'mongst Planters, travellers find
Welcome, as visitors, most kind:—

Out of the fullness of the heart
Mind, hand, to print these thoughts impart,
A grateful sense of pleasures past
That clings to mind and memory fast,
Impels me thus on thee to dwell
And what I saw, what felt, to tell.

Roads, Main and Branch—the primal need
A Planter sighs for, strives to speed,
Now thou possessest, and perchance
Few better greet the traveller's glance.
Though long was latest boon denied,
And bridle paths its place supplied,
Now from the Hoolaganga Bridge,
Traversing valley, gorge and ridge,
To Bamberella, carriage, cart,
Find easy access to each part

O'er sound substantial metall'd ways,
A costly work, but work that pays,
By adding as it were new vein,
Fresh branch to the arterial main,
That links the District to the Town ;
Gives it new stand-points, and breaks down
Old barriers, thwarts to enterprise
Where still untouch'd the forest lies,
And lands, that but for such outlets
Would tantalize with vain regrets.

Such Roads, a network vast, extend
From Capital to Island's end ;
East, West, North, South, they radiate ;
Of skill constructive marvels great ;
As great as, in their day, of old
Were Tanks gigantic monarchs bold

Made regions wide to irrigate,
That now alas! lie desolate.
Great were those Monarchs, mighty men,
Amongst them chiefest MAHASEN, ([25])
And he, first PRAKKRAMA BAHOO, ([26])
Who streams from mountain districts drew:
With skill that every age surpast
Bank'd up with bunds of structure vast
Their waters; valleys fill'd, and plains
'Tween distant ridges turn'd to chains
Of Lakes immense, whence, miles around,
With regulated flow the ground
The vital element received,
And tillage thenceforth was relieved
From wasting droughts; while lake to lake
Canal connected without break,
Gave means, by fleets of boats, the grain
Then grown for export, source of gain,

To distant marts with ease to send
And profitably there to vend.
Plan similar MAHASEN's mind
Had ages earlier design'd,
And he, ere closed his troublous reign,
Had finish'd of its parts the main.
But Time erosive, on the watch
Man's mightiest works to mar and blotch,
These bringing into disrepair,
Through lack of due conserving care,
PRAKKRAMA, emulous of fame,
Their reconstructor great became:
Nay more, on vaster, grander scale,
More comprehensive in its pale,
Enlarged the original design,
Made other schemes with it combine,
Completing with imperial hand
The boast, the marvel of the land,

A work aye during meant to be,
And proudly named PRAKKRAMA'S SEA !
Both monarchs common aims impress'd,
Both with great works their country blest,
Both sought their people's weal, and first
Strove to preserve the earth from thirst ;
Both Agriculture foster'd, made
Their highest policy its aid ;
And both still in the native mind
Live, Benefactors of their kind ;
Their times to memory endear'd,
Their memories cherish'd and revered.

As much the memory is revered
Of Rajah BARNES, ([27]) a name endear'd
To every British Planter's soul,
The best, the greatest on the roll

Of those who here Vice-regal sway
Have held since that eventful day
When Lanka's line of Sovereigns closed
In Sree Wickrema, ([28]) king deposed
By British might ;—when sceptre, crown,
Dominion of an old renown,
Were to Britannia's Monarch given,
While captive to Vellore was driven
The fallen Ruler, who full sore
His judgment merited ; nay more ;
For fiercer tyrant, more unjust
Or cruel, ne'er from throne was thrust.

Five years from that eventful day,
Came, Ceylon's destinies to sway,
Sir Edward Barnes—a ruler born,
Whose high achievements well adorn

His Country's annals, and who here
Design'd, consummate engineer,
That master stroke, the work well known,
That penetrates the Mountain Zone,
The KANDY ROAD, ([29]) that clombe and clove
The Passes steep, and passage drove
Through solid rock, and realized
Old prophecies long years despised,
That till through mountain man should ride
No ill could Native rule betide.
Unerring in his tact and skill,
And master of potential will
And tireless energy, he made,
Well seconded by able aid,
That work magnificent which wrought
A revolution,—Ceylon brought
Beneath the civilizing yoke,
Of Commerce, and for ever broke

The barriers barbarism fain
'Twixt different races would maintain.
For Enterprize it paved the way,
Was as it were the dawn to day ;
But for it, save as point to hold
For IND, against assailants bold,
Small were of worth to Britain's Crown
Ceylon ; but now her bright renown
All recognize,—the pearl, the gem
Of Britain's Orient diadem.

All honor to the men that wrought
The revolution strange, who brought
Their science, engineering skill,
Their very lives, to work the will
Of Governor Barnes. His prescient eye
Pierced into far futurity.

Saw what might be, for it prepared,
For after generations cared ;
With glance intuitive perceived,
Chose, agents who his plans achieved.
Like the great luminary bright
Saturnus, with his rings of light
And tendant orbs in starry sphere,
Grand in its course was his career.
Though moons his satellites, yet less
Than brilliant belt they sight impress ; ([30])
And belt of scarce less lustrous sheen
Than his, in band of three was seen.
DAWSON, whose lofty monument ([31])
O'erlooks and crowns the high ascent,
The PASS, which when the ROAD had won
He died, his arduous duties done !—
FRASER, ([32]) whose name is world-renown'd
For Map that life-long labours crown'd,

For Peradenia's Bridge, that still
Astonishes for span, and skill
With which the elliptic curves he drew
And arch o'er broad-stream'd river threw :
A warrior of the Wellesley school,
In science sound, in peril cool,
A hero bravest 'mongst the brave,
He too now sleeps in honor'd grave !—
But still the third, hale, hearty lives,
One whom to honor, honor gives,
Who on his laurels now retired,
Fame's lips has worthily inspired.
Long honor'd SKINNER ([23]) be thy name !
Dear to this Island is thy fame !
Long be thy life's allotted span,
Ceylon's great Worker—foremost man !
BARNES's lieutenant—WARD's right-hand,
Thy impress everywhere the land

In roads, in bridges, buildings, bears ;
Perpetual for Ceylon thy cares,
Thee every Planting District owns
Its benefactor, and enthrones
On pedestal in Memory's shrine
Amongst her greatest, form of thine.
Associate with Barnes and Ward,
One day like statue will record
A people's gratitude, and be
As loved a memento of thee !

Great Road Constructor !—link that clings
To past and Present, and that brings
Old recollections vivid back
When glancing o'er thy life's long track :
When Baronet, Thane, Soldier, ruled—
HORTON, MACKENZIE, CAMPBELL, ([34])—school'd

In senate and in camp ; each born
High dignity with grace to adorn :
When ministers-in-chief became
Men who historic notice claim ;
ANSTRUTHER ([35]) of the regal mien,
Astute, prompt, penetrating, keen,
Whose voice in councils heard had weight,
Whose plans, once form'd, were fix'd as fate :—
TURNOUR, ([36]) the impress of whose will
And energy is witness'd still
In Kandy and the Central zone,
Where all his benefactions own :
A man who sought the native race
To stimulate, with vigour brace,
Fresh ideas to their minds to impart
And in new spheres of life to start ;
Who deeply versed in Pali lore
Sought out, to light brought hidden store

Of ancient annals, held in gripe
Of language dead—a scholar ripe,
Who thus in favorite pursuits
Solved doubts, and settled old disputes
That puzzled oft had literates
In reconciling classic dates :—
TENNENT, ([37]) whose varied powers of mind
Were eager fullest scope to find,
Who eloquent of tongue and pen,
Charm'd all who came within his ken ;
Whose knowledge graceful, erudite,
Is shewn in works that all delight,
In whose fair tomes is world-wide known
The best historian we own :—
When lived he who left not his like
When claim'd by Death—lamented DYKE ; ([38])
Who Northern interests to promote
Did every faculty devote ;

Who life for his loved Province spent,
Died, "Agent" own'd pre-eminent ;
A type of England's worthiest, best,
A man by Tamuls reverenced, blest :—
When of the excellent of earth
Loved Twisleton of sterling worth,
And Bailey, ([39]) theologian sound,
A scholar and divine profound ;
When Prelates courteous 'mongst us moved,
Chapman and Bravi, ([40]) well approved ;
Each recognized an able chief
Of England's and of Rome's belief :
When Gogerly's ([41]) great powers were felt,
Before whom ablest pundits knelt ;
Who first of Pali scholars known,
Resplendent as a preacher shone :
When Hardy, ([42]) silver-tongued, the "Friend,"
Projected, and his volumes penn'd

That Budhism to the world unveil'd,
A system he through life assail'd :
When apostolic DANIEL roam'd ([43])
Himself amidst the natives homed
Effectually their souls to win
And rescue from the doom of sin :
When study to facilitate
CLOUGH ([44]) wrote his Dictionaries great,
And CHATER, LAMBRICK, BRIDGNELL toil'd, ([45])
And rules grammatical uncoil'd,
And won the keys with ease to reach
And master native forms of speech :
When ARMOUR, POOR, MARSH, HASLAM, KNIGHT,
KESSEN, FENN, MURDOCH, MILLAR, ([46]) light
Of Western science hither brought,
And rising generations taught :
When GARDNER, son of science, strove
Heedful through Nature's realms to rove ;*

When sage, philosopher, divine,
Did in our midst MACVICAR ([47]) shine,
A thinker deep, who Nature's laws
Keen analyzed to primal cause :
When ELLIOTT ([48]) politician wrote,
Impetuously opponents smote,
And sought each grievance, through the Press,
Each wrong to right, adjust, redress :—
Thy compeers these, with others famed,
D'OYLEY, SAWERS, ARMOUR, ([49]) named
Authorities on customs, laws,
And ever mentioned with applause :
GIFFARD, and OTTLEY, MATTHEWS, MARSHALL,
ROUGH, NORRIS, ([50]) Judges just, impartial,
Who graced the Bench, were magnates bright,
Whose judgments still on laws shed light ;
JEREMIE, OLIPHANT, STARK, CARR,
And ROWE, ([51]) their equals ; while at Bar

Contemporaneous arose
A band as eminent as those
Pass'd in review, to Themis wed,
By Buller, Staples, Selby led, ([52])
Whose chief, unanimous proclaim'd,
James Stewart, ([53]) honor'd still when named,
Was brightest in the galaxy
Of living talent yet we see.—
Thy times with those of these were blent,
All men 'mongst worthies eminent,
Yet of them all, alas ! how few
Left living, now "lang syne" review !
How scant the number who the day
Recall, when first, a stripling gay,
Thou hither camest, ten lustres past,
Five decades fill'd with changes vast !
Thy lot, so seem'd it then, for life
The soldier's—sudden changed for strife

With rugged forces that belong
To Nature wild, inert yet strong ;
Where mind made matter crude its will
Submissive work—work marvels—till
Seem'd as it were with wizard's wand
Thou badest roads rise, and saw respond
Mile after mile, a network great
O'er all the Isle reticulate.

Progress thy constant aim to advance,
Thy course a tinge hath of romance :
For passing strange it is to note
How to development devote,
Thou livedst thy greatest work to see
Discarded, out of date to be
That road, which forming form'd thee,—here
The starting point in thy career,

Well named " the Simplon of the East,"
With thine its mission should have ceased!
Yet though thy fame was there first based,
Though rapidly this Isle it raised
To unexampled height of weal,
Substantial, sterling, wide-spread, real;
Though to its interests ne'er supine,
None saw with clearer eyes than thine
That that great outgrowth from it branching,
Increasing traffic on it launching,
Would soon, though wonder of its class,
Doom it, 'mongst things that were, to pass;
That ROAD to RAIL must needs give way,
Commerce ill brooking least delay
When Steam, controller of the Age,
Was waiting with her wants to engage.
Hence readily thou playd'st thy part
With liberal mind and honest heart

In great Sir HENRY's ([54]) episode
That hither brought the Iron road :
Bade MOORSOM ([55]) welcome ; and with WARD
And DOYNE ([56]) assisted, when the sward,
First RAILWAY sod, was cut, and Fête
Was held the LINE to inaugurate : ([57])
When not forgotten was the man
Who first came Railway-route to scan,
A man in genius of like grain
With thine and theirs—Surveyor DRANE. ([58])
No jealousy of newer men
Perturb'd thy spirit : now as then
Content thy niche near Barnes' or Ward's
To fill, as History accords ;
To see in MOLESWORTH'S, FAVIELL'S, ([59]) names
Of kindred spirits ; men whose claims
Are worthily inscribed on scroll
Time in their honor shall unroll !

There other names shall also shine
Whom some to honor now decline,
Their deeds beheld through medium dense,
The haze of adverse views intense.
Lord Torrington, ([60]) whose vigorous hand
Rebellion rooted from the land;
Who oppositions fierce beset;
Round whom raged party warfare; yet
E'en now worst foes admit thy feel
He govern'd for the country's weal,
That worth all praise was Ordinance wise ([61])
Provincial roads to realise,—
A legislative master-stroke
That well for framer, ruler spoke:
By Wodehouse ([62]) plann'd, the Viscount saw
At once its wisdom, made it law:
Countless its benefits; each year
Its value greater doth appear;

A measure certain Viscount, Knight,
To crown with laurel'd chaplets bright.
Sir CHARLES MACCARTHY, ([63]) much decried,
His Government all good denied
By those averse, who in it see
Naught but a backward policy.
Yet did his rule great boon bestow,
The Railroad 'tis to him we owe ;
A work his praises that may well
To future generations tell,—
A work collapsed—revived by him
Whose fame traducing tongues would dim.
Who next succeeded,—rules to-day,—([64])
To deeds, Ward-like, a long array
May point, assured they far outweigh
All adversely opponents say.
Mistakes the best may make, have made,
Immaculate are none, and weigh'd

With others he the beam draws down.
Known elsewhere Ruler of renown,
A Governor in more than name,
Ceylon to benefit his aim,
He every District keen inspects,
Improvements prompts, decides, directs ;
Sees made new Roads, built Bridges strong,
Starts Irrigation schemes, that long
Will to the Ceylonese endear
The memory of his career ;
Seeks, as sage monarchs did of old
Tanks to restore, repair, uphold ;
Inaugurates plans, measures wise,
Waste barren lands to fertilize ;
Tracts pathless opens out, invades ;
Gives growing Districts, needed aids ;—
Thus, as in thine, thou KNUCKLES, know'st
For road of which thou well mayst boast,

His was the hand that gave the grant,
The boon for which thou long didst pant ;
Thus Dolosbagie and Kaigalle,
Dickoya, Dimboola, have all,
Fresh outlets for their crops obtain'd,
Facilities for cartage gain'd ;
Thus Saparagamua can attest .
Her roads, complete at his behest,
Now rank with Lanka's noblest, best ;
Thus boast her bridges multiplied,
Shew Kahawatte, Kuruviti,
And that which leads to her chief city,
The Ratnapurians latticed pride
That spans the Kaluganga wide : ([65])
Thus Morowa, far south away
Its benefiting day by day ;
Thus Haldamulle, Urugodde,
And, last in list I here embody,

Thus Ouvah specially may bless
The Knight who liberal largesse
Bestow'd, that transport, easy, free,
O'er trunk-line eastwards to the sea,
Route for which wistfully it pined,
Its produce speedily may find :—
And for such works, deeds such as these,
Thanks due are to Sir Hercules :
For these, and scheme maturely plann'd,
Knowledge to spread throughout the land,
To raise from ignorance the mass
And better educate each class,—
For such like acts, or much I err,
Fame in his praise her tongue will stir,
Will yet, with benison well won
Salute our Governor Robinson!

Canto V.

ROADS AND PATHS—BUNGALOWS—PLANTERS—
BUILDINGS—LINES—COOLIES—
PLANTATIONS—CROPS—ESTATE OPERATIONS.

V.

LOVED "Knuckles" whose delightful dales
Sweet reminiscences of Wales
Recall to mind—(a magic land
That Merlin's spirit, stream and strand
Still haunts, so sing the Bardic band)—
Of Erin emerald, where bright
In Wicklow fair falls summer's light
On Dargle's lovely vale and stream
That winds with molten silver's gleam,
And shoots from towering mountain wall
A grand rock-broken waterfall ;—
Of Albion, whose contours north
In thine are frequent bodied forth ;—
Where, glancing from thy hills o'er range

Of Hunasgeria (fancy strange
It could not be that wrought the change)
I saw in Peak, and rocks below,
In rising sun's rays all aglow
And flush'd with equatorial heat,
Dun Edin views of Arthur's Seat
And Salisbury Crags, themselves repeat :—
Where in my rambles well I wis
I landscapes saw of aspect Swiss,
Whose Eastern beauties, thus akin
To Western, admiration win !—
Yet once again of thee I sing,
Yet once more strike the tuneful string,
Wreathe for thee coronal of song,
While memories still thickly throng
And with their influences strong
Sway heart and hand alike,—ere yet,
Not without feeling of regret,

I bid, in final sweep and swell
Of choral chords, thee,—thine,—farewell!

When last I sang of thee, thy Roads
My Muse drew off in episodes,
Kings, men of past and present days,
To celebrate and crown with bays:—
Now, like the falcon to her lure,
Like errant priest back to his cure,
Or shepherd to his flocks and fold,
She comes attracted and controll'd.

With gentle gradients rounding hills,
With bridges spanning clefts, streams, rills,
Main roads superb thy District reach,
Roads which no traveller dare impeach:

Thy minor roads and paths more steep
With curves abrupt and zig-zags creep ;
Here terracing in lines each slope,
There only fit for antelope,
Chamois, or sure-foot alpine goat :
Mere tracks these last the most remote
From aught that man in cities bred
Believes a human foot can tread,
So hazardous and danger-fraught
Seem they to those first thither brought.
But custom, that great reconciler,
Safe as roof-ridges to a tiler,
Doth paths like these to Planters render,
Though fears and terrors they engender
In visitor who for a change
Cool breezes seeks in mountain range ;
Who, interest o'ercoming dread,
Is by his host unwitting led

O'er hanging precipice may be,
Just t'other side yon gap to see
The choicest piece of scenerie,
The wondrous waterfall, or rock
That stricken, sounds like chiming clock, ([66])
Bell-toned and musical :—a trip
To him of many a perilous slip
Or what so seem'd :—no laughing matter
Shins against rocks to break and batter,
Or suddenly to earth be thrown
Through foothold false on treacherous stone.—
Nor accidents like these alone
In such-like trips will him await,
And wring perchance a dolorous moan
At mischief manifest too late!
Tempted by tale of prospect grand
From some high trig'nometric stand,
He scarce to go will hesitate

When well assured that he, though wheezy,
The point may reach, safe, soon and easy.
Arrangements made, the morning fine,
Clouds alternating with sunshine,
The cultivated clearings past
And forest jungle reach'd at last,
He with misgivings, nerves that shake,
Toils on his way through tangled brake,
Where lurking, ambush'd leeches make
Assaults insidious on whoe'er
His limbs hath guarded not with care.
Render'd alert by leader's tread,
(A step that scares all else with dread,)
From leaves and grass and ground they burst,
With wriggling leap, for gore athirst,
And missing him who passes first,
His followers attack with speed,
Nor fail the gaiterless to bleed.

Slim when they pounce as needles thin,
Unfelt their contact with the skin,
They gorge, till bloated on their prey,
Their weight, or bloodstains them bewray!

Ne'er shall the journey I forget
When first such tracks, crag-form'd, I met;
When from "THE VALLEY" ([67]) crossing, I
Essay'd, uncustom'd, them to try!
When utterly worn out, sore tried,
I, spent, on boulder sat and sigh'd,
And envious mark'd the coolies slim
With step elastic, light of limb,
Their way, though laden, nimbly push
Up through steep rows of coffee bush;
While I, with nought but years to carry
And form rotund, had there to tarry,

To Tamil passers mark of pity,
Or object else of comment witty !

Oft sought my longing eyes the hill
Where picturesquely perch'd, lay still
Bamb'rella's bungalow, the spot
I long'd to reach, but reach could not,
Till breathed and rested I could drag,
  With frequent pant and pause and stop
My wearied limbs up last zig-zag,
  Where momently I thought to drop,
Then through the blooming garden gay
Make to the latticed porch my way,
Which gain'd—at last !——no traveller yet
From host a heartier welcome met ;
No wayfarer 'neath sheltering roof
E'er found of friendly cheer more proof !

That bungalow,—a trellis'd cot—
I love to call to mind the spot
Where, at rare intervals a guest,
I sought, found, relaxation, rest;
The caller air there breathing, free
Short space to enjoy sweet liberty
From lowland heats, and all the moil
And worry of Colombo toil:—
That bungalow, the pleasant home
To which with jaded steps I clombe,
High gabled, shingled, of its class
One that few others can surpass,
Shews well when for himself such nest
Its builder built, he taste possesst;
And in such homes, all more or less
Abodes of cheery cosiness,
Such men, the "BRICKS'" successors, dwell
As Adam, Willox, Woods, Crüwell,

Kerr, Rollo, Robertson, Laurie, Smith,
Jackson and Murdoch and Mackwood,
Baylis and Brummel, and Borron, with
Cooper and Wallace, Gade and Wood,
And more, it may be, who if known,
My Muse here willingly would own.

On sites well chosen, points of land
That o'er the estates give wide command,
Are built these bungalows :—near bye
The stores and pulping houses lie.
Plann'd skilfully on small plateau,
In landscape picturesque they shew
With latticed walls, and water wheel,
And gear from cherry pulp to peel,
And cisterns spacious, where (a while
Fermented first in seething pile)

The beans are wash'd ; when, freed from trace
Of slime that previous them did case,
In sun's hot rays they 're dried, spread round
On barbacue adjoining found :—
All these, and operations there,
Are every Planter's special care,
Since on them, well the fact he knows,
Depend success with all he grows.

Arranged in lines, compact and dry
Near streams that swift run brawling by,
Screen'd round about, like gorgeous bower,
With hedge of giant trumpet flower, ([68])
The coolies' huts appear—a cluster
Of mud-wall'd rooms their general muster,
The roof broad-eaved, o'erhanging low,
Verandah forming to and fro,

Where gossips love in adverse weather,
Sundays, or holidays, to gather
And idly spend their time. There dwell
The Tamil gangs, who treated well
To the same "totum" ([69]) fondly cling,
And after trip to Ind, will bring
Fresh men their Doray's ([70]) lines to fill,
Nay, native land forsaking, will
As settled residents remain,
So strong becomes attachment's chain
To place where wages, liberal, sure,
With food abundant, they procure ;
Where too, when sick, by Planters paid,
Is found for them physician's aid.
Small marvel then the fact, that they
Upon plantations seek to stay ;
That less and less for India yearns,
That back upon his birth-place turns

The Coolie immigrant, who earns
By labour light his loved rupees,
And hoards them life's decline to ease.
Scores, thousands, thus each year remain ;
Some, homesteads of their own obtain,
While some fulfil the common lot,
Struck down by Death, but not forgot,
As evidenced on many a spot
Where, 'neath a tall o'ershadowing tree
Lie Coolies' graves ; where touchingly
Sweet flowers are planted, tended, bloom,
In memory of some mourn'd one's doom !—
Each coolie gang, to custom wedded,
Is by its own Canganie headed,
And these, their middlemen, the rate
Of pay for service regulate.
Such, oft trustworthy found, receive,
Advances large, for India leave,

Commission'd other gangs to raise ;
And seldom, let it to their praise
Recorded be, defaulters prove
Or elsewhere with their gangs remove.

At sunrise, with the tom-tom's beat
Or blast of horn, assembling, meet
The Coolies, either at the store
Or bungalow, when roll call'd o'er,
Men, women, boys, all duly check'd—
(Some clad in cumblies, and some deck'd
In scarlet tunics, some in blue,
Old regimentals, odd to view
On such a swarthy bare-legg'd crew,)—
Each gang is to its place allotted
And soon the estate is with them dotted ;
Here weeding, clearing, or manuring,

There handling, pruning ; drains securing ;
Here filling in supplies, or there
Fresh clearings planting out with care ;
The Planter, meanwhile, every where
O'erlooking, watching all their work,
And sharp to note where idlers lurk.
No idler be, for if small pains
He takes, but small the crop he gains ;
And scant his labour, scant his crops,
He soon from rank of Planter drops.

Well may it be of Planters said
By sweat of brow they earn their bread ;
For if not thorns and thistles, weeds
The earth neglected rankly breeds ;
And much the primal curse they feel
When goat-weeds, spanish-needles, ([71]) steal

And spread the coffee trees between,
Sure cause of an inferior bean.
Against such enemies, the pests
A Planter heart and soul detests ;
Hates full as much as bugs ([72]) that blight
And blacken trees once his delight,
Or rats or borers ([73]) devastating,
He wages warfare unabating,
Destroys them as pernicious banes,
The robbers of his soil and gains.
No sadder prospect than estate,
Neglected, choked with weeds as great
As trees 'twas clear'd to cultivate !
No prospect pleasanter to see
Than lands from weeds kept clean and free,
Sure proof of anxious industry !
The bushes regularly led
In lines, like emerald carpet spread,

A verdure bright on russet soil
That rich rewards the Planter's toil,
When blossom full, like flowers of light,
As pure in hue as snow-flakes white
Bursts from each branch,—a rival bloom
To jasmine, breathing rare perfume.
To him those petals precious are
As pearls from Ocean depths afar ;
As valued, prized, as ladies fair
Prize, value gems and jewels rare :—
Each tree a treasure he beholds
As each its glory thus unfolds,
A glory rapidly that fades,
But Nature's fructifying aids
Their operations changing, quick
Burgeon the pericarps, where thick
Flowers cluster'd erst ; then round him gleams
The realization of hope's dreams,

When every embryon well set,
Unharm'd by excess of drought or wet,
In ripening crop will well mature,
The "bumper" long desired ensure ;
Give perfected in plump red cherries
A yield superlative of berries !

Then come exciting days—all hands
The picking season then demands ;
Each one has his, her task assign'd,
So much must pick, for less be fined,
While for all extra, extra pay
Each claims, receives, at close of day.
Then, Need constraining, Planters aid
Of Science seek, inventive maid ;
And she, with wisdom-prompted plans
Here, valleys deep with rope-shoots spans,

From heighths to depths the light coil sends ([74])
Down which with rushing whirr descends
Each bag by coolie brought. Elsewhere
The same end serving, on to bear
With speed unhinder'd to the store
The berries, coolie-borne before,
She lays, in lines that stretch afar,
Miles, leagues of spouting tubular ;
Through these the streamlets forced to run,
By gravitation way is won,
And crop, with water's aid, is urged
To point from whence each spout diverged,—
To store,—where gently pulper-crush'd,
From flesh denuded, water-flush'd,
Fermented, cleansed, the coffee berries,
Are parchment named, no longer cherries.
More certain thus the enterprise
Is render'd after outlay wise,

And less the expenditure each year
For labour, item always dear,
Which oft, when wanted most, is least
Obtainable in ardent East!

An anxious season, temper trying,
Is crop to Planter, moments flying,
Measuring, pulping, washing, drying.
Haste, haste, the key-note of his cry,
For time is precious! 'Neath his eye
All hands their duties active ply:
Right well for all, if water-wheel
And pulper no defects reveal;
Well, if no sudden leak or crack
In cistern everything throws back,
Nor unpropitious days be found
To hinder work on drying ground.

Now quick despatch his constant aim
Transport attention much must claim :
Good fortune his if built the store
Where carts can range close up to door ;
If at a distance from the road
He coolie gangs forthwith must load,
Or tavalums hire, ([75]) the parchment dried
To bear where carts for loading bide.
These, (each a cadjan-cover'd bandy,)
Slow, bullock-drawn, proceed to Kandy,
Their owners bound by stringent pact
Each bag when due to hand intact
To consignee, or mulct of fare,
And damages besides to bear.

Welcome to Planter's heart the day—
His "harvest home"—when clear away

He sees from out his store go past
The bag that holds of crop the last.
A cheering sight, if either sold
For speculating buyer's gold,
(And doubly so if hundred-weights
Exceed his acred estimates—
Cash paid for all too, on the nail,—)
Or sent on "own account" by Rail
To Ceylon's great commercial heart,
Colombo,—merchants', traders' mart,—
Whence, freighted home, he trusts, 'twill yet
More ample gains for him beget.

Colombo reached, the "Garblers" there
For speedy shipment it prepare.
"Pickers" in swarming multitudes
Each mill then in its walls includes—

Deft dames and damsels young :—crop giving
Employment light, and means of living
To tens of thousands round. Anew
'Tis parch'd on polish'd barbacue,
Sun-dried till crackling shell reveals
A fitting state for peeling wheels :
These, nicely balanced in position,
On centres poised, round troughs are whirl'd
Where 'neath their broad rough tires are twirl'd
And roll'd the berries, till attrition
Peels off both husk and silver skin,
The adhering inner covering thin.
Winnow'd, 'tis next from "triage" freed,
All faulty beans pick'd out with heed,
Through slanting cylinders then pass'd,
From whose gauge-pierced compartments cast
As they revolve, 'tis sized and sorted,
Then cask'd, and hence afar exported.

The season over, prices up,
With affluence brims the Planter's cup.
Then needed trip for change he takes,
His bungalow for town forsakes ;
Meets brother Planters, notes compares,
And social life's enjoyments shares ;
Till to his "wattie's" ([76]) calls aye heedful
And well supplied with all that's needful
To keep his trees in heart and order
He homewards hies him o'er the border,—
The line that dwellers on estates,
The lonely Planters, separates
From those who Fortune's smiles or frowns
Tempt, woo, or scorn, in busy towns.

The Farewell.

THE FAREWELL.

LAND of romantic hills and dales,
Of forests wild, and fertile vales,
Of mountains, rocks, crags, boulders strange,
By Deluge rent from parent range ;
Of weird ravines, deep gullies, gorges,
Where the vex'd Oya onward forges
Its stone-strewn way, to join the race
Of seaward streams at mountain base :—
Land of the picturesque cascade
Where Nature brightly is array'd
In rainbow tints ; and evergreen
And fresh to sight 's each sylvan scene,—
Land of the wondrous waterfall,
Cliffs, precipices that appal,

Bold peaks, vast chasms, gloomy glens,
Where sportsmen keen from coverts, dens,
Drive elephant, elk, boar,—nor reck
By chase excited, risk of neck ;—
Land of the rock-grown Kittool Palm, ([77])
That adds its own peculiar charm
And Orient beauty to each place
Its star-crown'd stems adorn and grace ;
Land where the "KNUCKLES BRICKS" abode
Ere yet the District own'd a road,
Men hearty, generous, hospitable,
Rough, energetic, sterling, able,
The pioneers of Planting they,
A generation pass'd away,
Save here and there a scatter'd few,
Respected, honor'd, well to do ;—
Land where succeeding to their place
Live men of no inferior race,

Men hardy, vigorous, keen, acute,
Of frames robust, and minds astute,
Who, wander traveller where he may,
Still, as 'twas in the olden day,
His presence hail with cordial grip,
The honest hand-clasp, and the "nip,"
That conversation's door unlocks
On latest news, crops, prices, stocks,
Or graver topics that may start
At bid of intellect or heart.—

'Tis thus the Apostle's precept plain,
"See that ye strangers entertain,"
The Planters practice.—Rest and cheer,
Prompt, as their bungalows draws near
The weary wayfarer, they offer,
And will no nay take to their proffer :

Men these in mind to Patriarchs kin,
Their friendship wisdom 'tis to win,
And many a friendship thus begun,
Has lasted till Life's sands have run,
Nay longer, since the living tie
True friendship forms can never die.—

Land of the Mooragah, Kittool,
And Battagalla oyas cool, ([78])
And many a swift-stream'd oya more,
Well worthy visit to explore ;—
Land of the rushing waters, shed
Where lovely Hoolaganga's spread, ([79])
On whose surrounding scenes well might
Rapt Poet linger in delight
And ponder pastoral or ode,
Idyll or epic episode,

So teem they with traditions hoar
And antique legends many a score :—
Land loved by Planters,—District famed,—
Than thine few fairer can be named ;
Land where I spent delightsome days
And sang in varied strains thy praise ;
Land where I still would fain prolong
My stay, and celebrate in song
Thy varied ever-varying beauties,—
Land, that for other scenes and duties
I leaving, leave with fond regret,
Though trusting to revisit yet ;
Land where each mountain slope, field, fell,
Each ridge, ravine, hill, knoll, and dell,
Doth tale of Coffee Planting tell—
Land of charms exquisite,—FAREWELL !

Laus Deo, wrote of old grave sages
When finish'd their concluding pages ;
Laus Deo now, the ending won,
I reverent write, my labour done !

To the great Giver, for the gift
Of song I voice of praise uplift ;
The talent His, the duty mine
To cultivate the art divine.

My hand may falter o'er the strings ;
I may not soar on lark-like wings ;
Yet may my harp its notes prolong
Through Time, and live for aye my song.

Ode

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE IN MEMORY OF SIR HENRY GEORGE WARD, G. C. M. G., AT KANDY, AUGUST 5TH, 1868.

At last!—well may the joy-bells ring,—
At last complete :—aside we fling
The veil that hides the well known face
And form that stands erect in place :
The visible presentment, life-like, true
Of Ward, great Governor, with loud acclaim we view !

In sculptured bronze Colombo long
Barnes proud hath held, the chief among
Vice-Regal Rulers ; man of might.
Now Kandy with her vies, and sees
Exultingly, bared to the breeze,
St. Michael's, George's Knight !

Well may the mountain-capital rejoice
  And glory in this tribute to the man,
  Who, when Reform was fought for, led the van!
Whose tongue with eloquent and suasive voice
  Opposing minds won to his will,
  And wavering Councils sway'd with skill.
  A man ambitious,—but whose end
  Was Public good, nor did he bend
    Or e'er from duty swerve,
    That constant did him nerve.
Sanguine yet prudent, fill'd with courage rare,
He grave responsibilities would freely dare:
  High-spirited, to power inclined
  By trammels not to be confined,
Quick to devise and prompt to execute,
Keen to perceive what best for all would suit;
A Ruler born, his Statue we salute!

Well by Sir HENRY WARD was honor won!
Well in his honor has the sculptor done
His work, a triumph of the plastic art,
Stern metal moulding to the counterpart,

The figure stately of the Man whose hand
Ruled but to bless and benefit the land !

Beneath his government all felt the charm
 That Ruler to the ruled endears :
In inmost heart's-core all embalm
 His memory ; all mourn'd with tears
 The suddenness of his demise,
 Smote down as if by bolt that flies
  On Death's swift errand sent
  From cloudless firmament :
   All still revere
The Statesman sound, whose guidance good,
Each, all, appreciated, understood ;
  The man of judgment clear ;
Shrewd intellect, enlarged and thoughtful mind,
 With wondrous energy combin'd,
  Warm-hearted, frank, sincere :
   Who Progress sought each day,
   Chafed at delay,
  But promptness loved to cheer;
 Whose ripe experience and tact

Was manifest in every act;
Who well could steer
His course in patronage, and plainly show
He sterling worth alone would know,
To shams of every form was foe,
To slothful men severe.

This Monument, a work of art,
Delights the eye, affects the heart;
With pride is by beholders view'd,
Tells of a people's gratitude;
Yet in the Provinces around,
In this, as on the Sea-borde found, ([80])
Stand monuments to WARD, that best
His worth attest:
That loud proclaim the good he wrought
In works of magnitude, and fraught
With benefits, wide-spreading, vast,
Which durable through Time shall last,
And unborn generations tell
How he, like BARNES, ruled wisely, well!—
How 'neath his auspices was hither brought

The Electric wire—the bridge of thought—
The marvel of the age :—
How with an interest intense
He long'd for, labor'd, saw commence
The Railway ; and at sumptuous Fête
The Kandian Line to inaugurate,
Did future bright presage,—
Foretold of prosperous times an access great,
In era new which from that day would date :
How spann'd with splendid bridges streams ;—
Canals re-open'd,—far and near
Extended roads year after year ;
How Irrigation works renew'd ;—
How Postal intercourse, by penny stamps
Set free from old restrictive cramps ;—
How sought to purify the Isle
From Polyandry, custom vile ;—
All boons of price, which, when review'd,
Reveal those grand far-seeing schemes,
That patriotic hearts inspire
The Man, the Ruler to admire !
That kindle the poetic fire

And bid the Bard the fervent hope express,
  That Governors like him may long
    Ceylon's fair Island bless!
  That on its pedestal,—(unveil'd
'Fore thronging thousands this fair day)—
  The Statue firmly based, incentive strong
May be to his successors; that they may
    Like policy pursue,
    Like blessings strew,—
That thus like him, when passing hence away,
  Each, BENEFACTOR may be hail'd,
   Each on the roll of Fame
  Leave blazon'd bright an honor'd name,
    A household word
    That constant heard
Throughout the happy land, in hut and hall
May of the Golden Age bright visions oft recall.

In Memoriam.

I.

EARLS DALHOUSIE, CANNING AND ELGIN.

The great, the gifted, and the good,
A noble brotherhood they stood,
Dalhousie,—Canning,—Elgin,—men
Whose like may scarce be seen again.
Each heriting a noble name,
Ambitious each of lasting fame,
The paths of statesmanship they chose,
And each a Chief 'mongst Statesmen rose.

Call'd by their Sovereign's voice at last
To rule o'er India's Empire vast,
Each after each that rule assumed,
And each to Death that rule hath doom'd.

Of uncrown'd Potentates on earth
Excell'd by none in sterling worth,
Not one e'er held a sway so great,
More ably none the Ship of State
Thro' thickening perils, calm and clear,
Could, confidence inspiring, steer.
Their Queen and Country well they served,
From Duty's dictates high ne'er swerved ;
Tho' o'er their acts in fierce debate
Loud clamour'd Faction's tongue irate,
Onward their course they still pursued,
Alike unmoved,—annexing Oude,
Or stemming Mutiny's fell tide,
Or chastening China's o'ergrown pride,—
Each to his country left his cause,
Each gain'd his country's just applause,—
Each in the silent tomb laid low,
His country mourns in heartfelt woe !

Two,—after honors richly earn'd,—
Prostrate, to widow'd homes return'd ;
Bereaved of those their hearts held dear,

The Grave swift ended their career :—
The Third,—so will'd it Heaven,—like fate
Met, guiding still the Helm of State.

Inscrutable the dread decree !
Ere yet matured his policy,
Sad INDIA mourns her VICEROY dead,
And tears from Queenly eyes are shed ;
The Monarch's heart, oft wrung with pain,
Thrills with keen anguish yet again ;
Her servants and Her friends were they
Who one by one thus pass'd away ;
And now the SOVEREIGN weeps anew
For each, for all,—tried, loyal, true,
Sagacious, wise, and skill'd to lead
Councils august in times of need.
He too, First Statesman of the age,
Albion's great Minister and sage,
Bows mournful 'neath the threefold stroke,
That thus a Nation's hopes hath broke ;
For each was deem'd the fitting peer,
Successor to *his* high career,

And each was worthy of the post
Of PALMERSTON, the Nation's boast.

Such,—noble, gifted, great, and good,
DALHOUSIE,—CANNING,—ELGIN,—stood :
Each own'd a bright, unsullied name ;
Each nobly earn'd undying fame ;
Each fell in manhood's vigorous prime,
A sacrifice to India's clime
And Empire's cares !—No common men !
Their like may scarce be seen again !
Each added to his country's glory,
And Fame shall blazon their bright story
In glowing splendour on the page
That tells of the VICTORIAN age,
When lived and died the illustrious three,
Earls ELGIN,—CANNING,—DALHOUSIE.

Nov. 1863.

II.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

A Nation's heart with grief is stirr'd,
O'er all the land is dolour spread !
In palace and in cot is heard
A wail of sorrow for the dead !

The foremost Statesman of the age,
Britannia's Minister and Sage,
Her Palmerston,—time-honor'd name,—
In the full zenith of his fame,
(Who, planning still the Nation's weal,
Seem'd scarce the weight of years to feel ;
Who, guiding still Earth's mightiest realm,
Not Empire's cares could overwhelm ;)
Is suddenly by Death o'erta'en,
Is by the "Insatiate Archer" slain,
And Britain's sons, the world around,
Their Premier mourn in grief profound.

His life, prolong'd beyond the span
Allotted here to mortal man,
Was destined loftily to soar
In that high region, where, of yore,
Within the Commons' Hall were ranged
Those giant minds, whose will had changed
The fate of Empires, and whose words
Than Sceptres weightier were or swords,—
Whose hearts pure patriotism fill'd,
Whose eloquence whole kingdoms thrill'd,—
Men, rulers of the world confest,
Whose acts, God-guided, Nations blest !

Endow'd with rarest gifts, and born
To rank and honors, nobly worn,
He sought, like gallant Paladin,
A proud pre-eminence to win
In that august assemblage ; there
His every gift was brought to bear,
His talents and his prowess proved
As step by step he onward moved,
Till, 'mongst the greatest great esteem'd,
A leading Statesman he was deem'd.

Straightforward, honest, English, he
Scorn'd all false arts of policy ;
Hence, rising still, when round the State
Surged dangers dire, and perils great,
Call'd both to guard and guide the realm,
He stood collected at the helm,
Met skilfully each adverse gale,—
Each blast that made spectators quail,—
And, true to Country and to Queen,
The Nation's trust sustain'd serene.

At home, abroad, in foreign lands,
In peace, or war, his fame firm stands.
A Peer, yet to the people wedded,
By foreign foes most fear'd and dreaded,—
As Time's hoar fingers touch'd his head,
And silvery honours o'er him shed,
He closer to his country drew
And dearer to that country grew ;
In English hearts his world-known name
Prized as a household word became ;
And, 'mongst his peers revered, he stood
Upright and genial, great and good.

The Nestor of the Senate held,
When clamourous voices him compell'd,
Charged as a Traitor to the State,
Himself and acts to vindicate,
Great was his triumph. Ringing cheers,
Whose echoes melt us now to tears,
Were heard,—while rivals cried "Of him
We all are proud !—nor will we dim
By adverse votes his lustrous name,
Or 'minish aught of his just fame."
'Twas thus, that Faction's fiery blast
But brighter halos round him cast,—
But strengthen'd still the growing sway
Of mind o'er minds, which led the way
To highest honour 'neath the Crown,
The pinnacle of his renown.

Ah ! who like him, experienced, tried,—
The trusted Leader,—now shall guide
The Nation's Councils ?—When they meet,
Who, who shall fill his vacant seat ?—
Who thither shall the Sovereign call,—
On whom will now his mantle fall,—

On whom like him can She rely,—
In wisdom who with him could vie ?—
Alas ! for human hopes and wills,
We plan, but God alone fulfils !
He to whom nations raised their eyes
Expectant,—with the dead now lies ;
For ever silent is the tongue
Whose accents o'er the wide world rung ;—
His presence from our midst is gone,
The Grave now claims our Palmerston !

Last of his line ; a storied race,
Whose Sires, ere Harold fell, we trace ;
English to heart's-core ;—if a fault
'Twere England's prestige to exalt,
To make her power and influence felt
Where'er a son of England dwelt,
Such fault was his,—his life's whole aim,
And England glories in his name ;—
His life, his acts, records with pride,
Who, living, served her,—serving, died !
Now, with her greatest, worthiest, best,
She, weeping, wills that he shall rest ;

His honor'd dust to burial calls
In her most hallow'd Minster's walls ;
Where Kings are crown'd,—where Kings repose
For his career finds fitting close :
There, number'd with the illustrious dead,
His deeds, undying, shall be read ;
There, on her brightest scroll, shall Fame
Immortalize his laurel'd name.

Alas ! that men like him should die !
Must every British bosom sigh ;
And every patriot breathe the prayer—
"Eternal King, this breach repair ;
As one by one Thou tak'st away
The master-spirits of the day,
Around the Throne still others raise
E'en as Thou didst in olden days,
Who, as successive Sovereigns reign,
Their sceptres glorious shall sustain,
Like him, who, to the tomb now borne,
His sorrowing Queen and Country mourn."

October 1865.

Occasional Pieces.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

I woo thee, sweet Spirit of Song,
  Enchantress delightful, I pray,
May the charms and the beauties that throng
  Thy regions give grace to my lay;
May thy flowers most fragrant adorn
  The garland I joyously wreathe
On this happy festivious morn
  May I numbers most delicate breathe.

This day be of happiness rife,
  A day of rejoicing and mirth,
Since on it an angel of life,
  Louisa, was welcomed to earth;
Each moment as time wings away
  New sources of joy her surround
Yea ever, on each Natal day
  May her pleasures unmingled abound.

May her joys in the ensuing year
  Like evergreens, unfading last;
Surrounded by those to her dear
  May her life's saddest phase be the past;
Yet should grief with a tear e'er bedew
  Her features now smiling and fair,
May she ever a bosom friend true
  Have with her her sorrows to share.

Be Poverty far from her door,
  Sad parent of want and of crime;
Be her hand and her heart to the poor
  Ever open and ready through time;
Kind, amiable, gentle to all,
  The helpless aye first to befriend,
May delights which her soul shall ne'er pall
  Like Hermon's dew on her descend.

The choicest of blessings on her
  Through life be abundantly shed,
Those endowments which lustre confer
  Attend her each path she may tread;

May her brow with the bright diadem
  Of virtue and honor and truth
Be encircled—no lovelier gem
  Can enhance the sweet charms of her youth.

The graces that Christians adorn,
  Humility, meekness and love,
In her bosom for ever be worn,
  Sure passports to heaven they prove ;
Pure Devotion's chaste halo divine
  Her soul and her spirit illume,
That her walk and her converse may shine
  Like stars in the firmament's dome.

When her beauty and youth fade away,
  When her life is autumnal and sere,
Their loss these shall more than repay,
  Life's winter they 'll gladden and cheer :
Far more precious than gems, to her heart
  They 'll yield a sweet calm and repose ;
To her mind they 'll new beauties impart,
  THAT shall amaranths blooming disclose.

Joys more than mere words can express,
  Bliss more than the heart can conceive,
Foretastes of divine happiness,
  While here her pure spirit ne'er leave ;
And when summon'd life's forfeit to pay
  May Death to her no terrors bring,
Prepared the celestial lay
  With saints raised to glory to sing.

1844.

THE brilliant, the ruby, the pearl and opal,
  The emerald and sapphire I prize ;
For beauty and worth are combined in them all,
  And few their possession despise :
But a gentle, a tender, affectionate wife,
  Their value and beauty excels,
A charm and a halo she sheds over life,
  A talisman with her e'er dwells,

The magical sway of a bliss-giving love,
  Unselfish, expanding and pure;
A treasure descended to man from above
  His happiness here to ensure:
A crown of rejoicing, a diadem bright,
  A prize and a glory is she;
Her husband, his home, her pride and delight,
  Aye Queen of his heart must she be.

SWEET are the memories of the past
  By Love's fond fingers traced;
While life and consciousness shall last
  They ne'er can be effaced:—
The blows we in life's battle meet,
  The ills we have to bear,
The storms that our frail bark may beat,
  No daunting aspect wear,
If on the tablets of the heart
  One image bright we see,
So dear, that should all else depart
  Still shrined it there should be.

A SIGH FOR THOSE AFAR.

As mourns its mate the lonely dove,
The absent partner of its love,
As pants the hart in deserts drear
For water from the streamlet clear,
So long I for the day when I
For absent friends no more shall sigh ;
When dear ones parted from my side
Shall once again with me abide ;
When once again my partner's smile
Shall cares from off my heart beguile ;
When yet again the gladdening sound
Of children gaily prattling round
Shall greet mine ear, and home once more
Be joyous as it was of yore,
The happy home of hearts content
Ere left I those I now lament,
Midst whom, the toils of life forgot,
I scarce could crave a happier lot.

The Christmas Tree.

O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree!
Explain thy presence here—
O thou strange Tree! come tell to me,
What means thy Christmas cheer?

From thy branches bonbons dangle,
Glittering balls thy trunk bespangle,
Fluttering flags of different nations
On thee have appointed stations,
And mark thee as the sacred ground
Where hush'd is every hostile sound;
For see the drum hangs in the air,
Peaceful as any sleeping bear—
While on the boughs sit girls and boys
Smiling at thoughts of warlike noise;

Well may they smile, for all around
In bags and baskets sweets abound ;
And flowers exotic brightly shine,
As if they grew within the line ;
And ruddy apples pendant swing—
None fairer could a poet sing ;
While hovering angels view the show
With loving looks on man below.
Thus all is peace and joy and love—
Like tapers three arranged above,
To shed their radiance on the whole,
And fill with pure delight the soul.

But still we ask, O Christmas Tree !
What lesson can we learn from thee ?

Ah ! if the tree could find his tongue,
Thus would he speak to old and young :

"A wondrous tree indeed I am,
I grew with your great Sire—
When bear and wolf play'd with the lamb,
And none felt anger's fire.

"My fruit confers immortal life,
With youth's perennial smile :
So would have lived Man and his Wife
But for the Serpent's guile.

"They disobey'd the great command,
Sweet Eden's bower they lost ;
And Eve and Adam, hand in hand,
Upon the world were tost.

"Shut was the gate of Paradise,
That none might enter in ;
And I was hid from human eyes
By flaming Cherubin.

"But men aye turned to where I grew ;
And, at the eastern gate,
The pious worshippers (tho' few)
On me did meditate.

"'The Tree of Life,' they oft did cry,
'Will surely be restored ;

For we shall live (though now we die)—
  When comes from Heaven the Lord.'

"The Lord has come!—On Bethlehem's plains,
  When all was peace on earth,
The shepherds heard the thrilling strains
  Of angels hail His Birth.

"Then man thought of the long-lost tree,
  For now, unveil'd to sight,
Stood glorious Immortality,
  Clad in resplendent light.

"I'm but a symbol of that Life
  Immanuel offers you:
My boughs, with various blessings rife,
  And pleasant to the view—

"Are emblems of eternal bliss
  He came from heaven to give;
His sole condition only this—
  'Take, eat of me, and live.'

"And He will plant me once again
(As prophets have foretold),
When every promise is made plain
Writ in His Book of old.

"Then I shall flourish, and take root,
By Eden's crystal river—
And all who taste my monthly fruit
Shall surely live for ever!"

* * * *

O noble Christmas Tree!
Our thanks we give to thee,
For this thy wondrous tale divine!
May each loved one aspire,
With earnest heart's desire,
To share those precious fruits of thine.

Beneath thy shadow sweet,
Shall Jew and Gentile meet,
Secure from loss and grief and pain;
There, by the river's brink,
To walk, and freely drink,
And never more to part again!

No clouds shall veil our sight,
No winter's cold, nor night,
Nor changing seasons cause annoy—
But glory ever bright,
From Christ our Life and Light,
Shall fill the ransom'd race with joy.

Notes.

NOTES.

(*a*) The principal gems for which Ceylon is noted, are rubies, sapphires, amethysts, topazes, beryls, chrysoberyls, garnets, cinnamon-stones, and cat's-eyes.

(*b*) *Laurus Cinnamomum;* the dried inner bark of which forms the Cinnamon of commerce; it is cultivated chiefly in the Western Province.

(*c*) The well-known Cocoanut tree (*Cocos nucifera.*) Other palms also abound in the island, particularly the Palmyrah (*Borassus flabelliformis*), the Kitool (*Caryota urens*), the Areca (*A. Catechu*), and the Talipot (*Corypha umbraculifera.*)

(*d*) Chiefly Dagobas, (huge bell-shaped structures for the reception of relics); and rock sculptures, especially on the sites of the ancient cities of Anaradhapura, Pollannarua, Dambool, &c.; besides the enormous " bunds," or masonry and earthwork embankments, which thrown across the mouths of valleys, dammed up the waters running through them, and so formed tanks and artificial lakes for the purposes of irrigation and internal navigation.

(*e*) The Mahommedans believe that Adam, whose height was equal to a tall palm tree, after having been cast down from Paradise, which was in the seventh heaven, alighted on a peak in the isle Serendib or Ceylon, and remained standing on one foot until years of penitence and suffering had expiated his offence, and formed the footstep. That Eve, on the contrary, fell near Jeddah or Mecca, in Arabia; and that after a separation of 200 years, Adam was, on his repentance, conducted by the angel Gabriel to a mountain near Mecca, where he found and knew his wife—the mountain being thence named Arafât; and that he afterwards retired with her to Ceylon, where they continued to propagate their species.—*Note to chap. ii. of Sale's Al-Koran.*

(*f*) The Sanscrit poem *Ramayana*, the oldest known epic; the principal events of which are laid in Ceylon, and describe the adventures of Ráma, who banished from Ayodhyá, established himself with his wife Sita in the Dandaka forest near the Godávari. There, in Ráma's absence, Sita was carried off by Rávana, the ten-headed and twenty-armed demon-king of Lanka. Upon this Ráma made an alliance with Súgriva, or Hanumán, the king of the monkeys,

(foresters ?), and assisted by them and Vibishana, the brother of Rávana, invaded Lanka, made war upon Rávana, whom he vanquished, and after the recovery of Sita, and the establishment of Vibishana upon the throne of Lanka, returned to India and assumed the sovereignty of Ayodhyá (the modern Oude). To this day Vibishana is worshipped as a divinity by many of the Singhalese.

(*g*) B. C. 1,000. In Sir Emerson Tennent's great work on Ceylon the reasons are given for supposing that it was to that island King Solomon's ships traded every three years for gold, silver, ivory, apes and peacocks. The site of Tarshish is also supposed to be the modern Point de Galle. The learned Bochart, in his *Geogr. Sacr.*, affirms that every circumstance required to constitute the Ophir of the Hebrew Scriptures, may be found in the classical Taprobane, our modern Ceylon. See 1 Kings ix. 28, x. 11, 22; and 2 Chron. ix. 10, 21.

(*h*). The sacred historians of Ceylon allege that Goutama the founder of the Budhist religion (born B. C. 624—died B. C. 543) visited Ceylon three times for the purpose of promulgating his doctrines.

(*i*) Wijaya, with 700 followers, invaded Ceylon B. C. 543. The Mahawanse, or Great dynasty, which he founded, terminated A. D. 275. It comprised 54 sovereigns, the last of whom was Maha Sen. The Suluwanse, or Lesser dynasty, so called from the succeeding monarchs being no longer of unmixed Wijayan descent, comprised 111 kings, and lasted till A. D. 1798, when the then reigning king was deposed by the British.

(*j*) The Portuguese effected their first settlement in Ceylon at Colombo, A. D. 1517.

(*k*) The Dutch erected their first fort at Kottiar, near Trincomalee, A. D. 1609; obtained a permanent footing (by treaty with the Portuguese) in 1646, when they held Negombo, Matura, Galle, &c., and by 1658 made themselves masters of the entire seaborde of the Island.

(*l*) In 1795-6 the British forces expelled the Dutch and took possession of all the territories previously held by them. The Capitulation of Colombo took place on the 15th February of the latter year.

(*m*) "On the 2nd March 1815, a solemn Convention of the Chiefs assembled in the Audience Hall of the palace of Kandy, at which a treaty was concluded, formally deposing the King, and vesting his dominions in the British crown."—*Sir Emerson Tennent's Ceylon.*

(*n*) The Coffee Districts of Ceylon, alphabetically arranged, are as follows: Allagalla, Ambegamoa, Badulla (including Passera), Dickoya (including Maskeliya Valley), Dimboola Upper, Dimboola Lower, Dolosbagie, Doombera, Hantanne, Hewahette Upper, Hewahette Lower, Happotele, Hunasgiria, Kadugannawe, Kaigalle, Kallibokka, Knuckles, Kurnegalle, Kotmalie, Matelle East, Matelle West, Maturatta, Madoolsema and Hewa Ellia, Medamahanuwera, Moorowa Corle, Nilambe, Nitre-cave, Pusilawa, Ramboďde, Rangalla, Saparagamua, Wallapane or Oudapusilawa, Wallapane Lower, and Yacdessa.

(*o*) Very little, if any, genuine Mocha coffee now finds its way to the British market. The finer kinds of Jamaica, Ceylon and Brazilian produce are frequently sold under that name. It is stated that the superiority of the Mocha coffee is in part owing to the mode of "picking." Only perfectly ripened berries are gathered by being shaken from the trees, and picked from off the gronnd as they fall.

---

(1) A point about 4000 feet above the level of the sea.

(2) The highest point, Raxawa, is 4774 ft. above sea-level.

(3) A singular isolated mountain about 4700 ft. above the level of the sea; the mass of rock which forms its summit is supposed from its shape to resemble a huge book.

(4) Amboolawa peak, the highest point of the range, is 3511 ft. above the sea.

(5) Bellongalla, half a mile south of the Pass, rises 2548 feet above the sea level.

(6) The highest point in the road leading through the Kadugannava Gap, is 1731 feet above sea level.

(7) Hantanne Peak, 4119 feet above sea level.

(8) Mattina Patna, commonly called "Mutton Button," is 3182 feet above sea level.

(9) Highest point, the Yaka-bende-kelle rock, 5000 feet above sea level.

(10) The highest point in the Maturatta District is Mahacoodagalle, 6900 ft. above sea level.

(11) The Rangalla range approaches in its highest point that of the Knuckles, which rises to a height of 6089 feet above the level of the sea.

(12) Adam's Peak, 7353 feet above the level of the sea. A place venerated alike by Hindoos, Budhists, and Mahommedans.

(13) Hunasgiria Peak, 4956 feet about the level of the sea.

(14) *Presbytes cephalopteres*, probably also *P. ursinus* and *P. Thersites*.

(15) The late Dr. E. Kelaart, author of *Prodromus Fauna Zeylanicæ*, and other works on Natural History.

(16) Edgar Leopold Layard, Esq. author of several valuable papers on the *Fauna* of Ceylon, in the Annals and Magazine of Natural History, and the Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.

(17) *Déva*, a god or divinity.

(18) *Rakshása*, an evil demon.

(19) The Mooragaha oya is the principal stream running through the Knuckles' valley.

(20) The satire in the text is not intended to apply to any of the residents of Ceylon, where, if any where, a European, or indeed any one wishing to prosper, must literally earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

(21) A District distinguished by the grandeur of its scenery; the magnificence of the Falls which strike the traveller's eye as he journeys on the main road to Newera Ellia; the beauty of its climate; and the height at which Coffee is cultivated, some estates having been opened at an elevation of 5000 feet. The highest mountain in the Island, Pedrotallagalla, 8290 ft. high, forms a portion of the ridge which bounds the District to the south: while on its northern boundary stands False Pedro, 6789 feet in height.

(22) Perhaps the most fertile and highly cultivated Coffee District in the Island. The "Peacock" mountain rises to a height of 4982 feet above the level of the sea.

(23) The Poondool-oya District adjoins that of Pussilawa, and bids fair to rival it. It is a valley of great beauty as well as fertility.

(24) The latter portion of the 3rd Canto was occasioned by an attack made on the writer (after the publication of the 2nd Canto) by a newspaper correspondent, evidently under the impression that the author was a Knuckles Planter crying up that particular District for purposes of his own.

(25) Mahasen the 54th king of Ceylon, was the last of the Mahawanse or Greater Dynasty. He reigned A. D. 275—302. From the magnitude and utility of the works constructed in the latter part of his reign his memory is venerated to the present day. In some parts of Ceylon he is even worshipped as a divinity.

(26) Prakkrama Bahoo I., the 119th king of Ceylon, reigned A. D. 1153—1186. "There is no name in Singhalese history," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "which holds the same rank in the admiration of the people as that of Prakkrama Bahoo." He rebuilt the Budhist Temples, and "covered the kingdom with works of irrigation to an extent that would seem incredible, did not existing ruins corroborate the historical narrative of his stupendous labours."

(27) Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Barnes, K. C. B., Lieutenant-Governor of Ceylon from 1st February, 1820, to 2nd February, 1822; and Governor from 18th January, 1824, to 1st October, 1831. During his Government not only was the Kandy Road planned and completed, but every town of importance was connected with the capital by similar lines of communication. On the 18th June 1867, an admirable bronze statue on a polished granite pedestal, was erected to his memory at the Colombo terminus of the Kandy Road in front of Queen's House, the Viceregal residence.

(28) Sree Wickrema Raja Singha, the 165th native sovereign of Ceylon, was deposed by the British, and the Kandian chiefs, on the 2nd March 1815, after a reign of sixteen years. He died, a state prisoner at Vellore, on the 30th January, 1832.

(29) The idea of making a military road to Kandy was conceived by Governor General Browrigg after his capture of the mountain capital in 1815, but its realization was impeded by the rebellion of 1817; and it was left for Sir Edward Barnes to plan and complete as it at present exists. It was commenced in 1820; and in the Evidence given by Major Skinner before the Select Railway Committee of 1859, he states, "that from the day the order for the trace was first given, within a year the line through Kornegalle to Kandy, 84 miles, was opened for traffic, and the Commissariat supplies in carts, containing also the daily post, were carried up in 42 hours.. ...simultaneously the 36 miles were also opened between Ambepusse and Kandy." This of course did not include the permanent bridging, draining, metalling and gravelling of the road, which was not finally perfected before 1833.

(30) In the first publication of the poem the following lines appeared

where the simile in the text now stands; the writer being then under the impression that Captain Philip Payne Gallwey, formerly of the 90th Regt., to whom they refer, was one of the original constructors of the Kandy Road.

GALLWEY the gallant, from us gone,
Whose reputation brightly shone
In topographic arts with his
The veteran FRASER's services:

Captain Gallwey did not, however, arrive in Ceylon until some years later, when he was attached to the Quarter Master General's Department, and in that position was connected with the upkeep of the Road.

It is singular that no connected or authentic account of the construction of so great a work has hitherto been published. The Pioneer Corps owes its origin to the necessity which was felt for organizing a body of trained artificers in connection with it; and as all public works were, up to 1833, in charge of the Quarter Master General and the Royal Engineers, and the Pioneer Corps had to execute the works resolved upon by Government, it may not be uninteresting to notice that the Corps consisted, from 1820 to 1833, of six Divisions, each in charge of a Subaltern, and the whole under a Captain Commanding. During that period there were engaged on the public works,—of the Royal Engineers and Royal Staff Corps, Captains Dawson, Moore, Duvernett, Brown, Mann, Pringle and Ward, and Lieutenants Dixon, Dillon, Forbes and Oldershaw: in the Quarter Master General's Department, Colonel Hardy, 19th Regt., Major J. Fraser, C. R. R., Lieut. Moore, Royal Staff, and Lieuts. Auber, Skinner, and Atchison, C. R. R.; and as Assistant Engineers in charge of Divisions of Pioneers, under Capts. E. Sanderson, 83rd, G. Macdonald, 16th, and A. Brown, Superintending Royal Engineer, successive Captains Commanding the Corps,—Lieutenants J. Bell, M. H. Fagan, J. H. Summerfield, John Brahan, W. H. Smith, John Harrison, J. S. Rodney, Theodore Mylius, J. L. Fenwick, James Stewart, T. P. Fenwick, and G. M. Parsons, of the Ceylon Rifles;—H. Forbes, W. H. Butler, W. G. Marsh, Hans S. Marsh, Richard Perham, William Richardson, and Ensigns John Harrison and John McIntire of the 45th;—Lieuts. John Clancy and John M. Dalzell, and Ensigns M. Henley and George M. Archer of the 16th;—Lieut. D. Wentworth of the 73rd, Lieuts. W. Hamilton and C. C. MacIntyre of the 78th Highlanders;—Lieuts. F. Irwin, W. Mayne, T. Desbrisay, Henry Hough, and G. Rogers of the Royal Artillery;—and Lieuts. F. O'Brien, R. Dwyer, Aretas S. Young, John Harrison, R. Colquhoun, and H. F. Ainsley, of the 83rd.

(31) Capt. W. F. Dawson, Commanding R. E. A column erected to

his memory by his friends and admirers on the face of the Kadugannawa Cliff, commemorates the services of this Officer, under whose immediate care the Kandy Road was formed, and whose premature death was accelerated by exposure during its progress. He died in Colombo on the 28th March, 1829.

(32) The late Lieutenant General John Fraser, Colonel of the 37th Regiment, was born on the 25th January 1791. Gazetted to the 24th Regiment in 1809, after a brilliant career in the Peninsular War, he was promoted,—for the daring gallantry and success with which he led the storming party at the final assault in the seige of Burgos,—to a company in the Ceylon Rifles, which Regiment, after spending a few years in study at the Military College, Farnham, he joined in October 1816. In December of the same year he was appointed Deputy Assistant Quarter Master General, and shortly afterwards promoted to General Brownrigg's Staff. For distinguished services in quelling the Kandian rebellion of 1817, the rank of Brevet Major was conferred upon him in October 1818; and in January 1819 he was appointed Assistant Quarter Master General. The next year he became Director of the Island works, an appointment which he held up to 1832, when the Office of Civil Engineer was established. During this period he completed the first of his celebrated maps,—that of the Mountain Zone—on the scale of one mile to an inch. Sir Edward Barnes having decided upon crossing the Mahawellaganga near Peradenia by a Bridge of a single span, its construction was entrusted to Colonel Fraser. This superb structure was commenced in December 1826, and completed on the 1st October 1833. It consists of a single arch of Satin wood and Millile, 205 feet in length, and 22 feet in width, and in the opinion of competent judges, is " an achievement in Bridge building of the highest merit." " It is formed of four treble ribs transversely distant from each other five feet from centre to centre. The sum of the depths of these ribs is four feet, which with the intervals of two feet each, makes the entire depth of the arch eight feet." The height of the carriage way is 67, and of the soffit of the arch 57½ feet above low water mark, and it is so designed (on an improved application of the American wedge principle,) that any part may be removed and replaced without injury to the arch or impediment to traffic. The masonry abutments as well as the centering were separately constructed by the Royal Engineers under command of Captain Brown.

In 1862 General Fraser's great Map of Ceylon, the labour of a lifetime, was published by Arrowsmith, on the scale of four miles to an inch. In the collection of data for this truly national work, its author was most zealously, as well as gratuitously, assisted by Lieut. Auber, Major Skinner, and

Captain Gallwey. Its merits are universally admitted; and Sir Emerson Tennent declares it to be a "Survey which in extent and minuteness of detail stands unrivalled."

From 1819 to 1826 General Fraser held the appointment of Assistant Quarter Master General, and in the latter year was appointed Deputy Commissary General. In 1827 he was gazetted a Lieutenant Colonel, placed on half pay on the First Royal Veteran Battalion, and appointed Deputy Quarter Master General, an Office he held till 1854. In 1841 he obtained the brevet of Colonel; in 1854 was promoted to the rank of Major General; on the 26th January, 1858, obtained the Colonelcy of the 37th Regiment, and on the 29th October, 1859, was promoted Lieutenant General. He died in Kandy on the 29th May, 1862, and was buried with all the honors due to his rank, the same as if he had died in actual service.—For the preceding sketch of the career of General Fraser the writer is mainly indebted to the memoir by his son in-law, Captain Stewart, which appeared in the Colombo Observer in June, 1862.

(33) Major T. Skinner, at the time of the commencement of the Kandy Road was a Lieutenant in the Ceylon Rifle Regiment. Distinguished by his services in that great work, he was appointed to the Deputy Quarter-Master General's Department as an Assistant, in which capacity he had general charge of all public works. In 1833, when these were transferred to the Civil Authorities he assisted the Surveyor General and Civil Engineer in the organization of his Department; and in 1837 was appointed acting Civil Engineer and Surveyor General of Ceylon, which appointment he held till 1840. In 1841 he was appointed Commissioner of Roads, and in 1850 directed to take charge of and combine with his own Office, that of the Civil Engineer to the Colony. From 1859 to 1861 he acted as Auditor General, resuming in the month of June in the latter year his office of Commissioner of Roads and Civil Engineer. On the 30th June 1867, he retired from the Public service of the Island.

(34) The Right Hon'ble Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Bart., G. C. B.; Governor of Ceylon from 23rd October, 1831, to 6th November, 1837. His administration was distinguished by the liberality of the measures devised and carried out. A daily Mail was established between Colombo and Kandy; Moors and Tamuls were first allowed to own houses and grounds in the Town and Pettah of Colombo; the Colombo Savings' Bank was opened; Compulsory labour was abolished, as also the Cinnamon monopoly; a new Charter of Justice was proclaimed; the Council of Government was dissolved and a new Government consisting of Executive and Legislative Councils, the latter with

a proportion of Unofficial Members, inaugurated; Freedom of the Press was conceded, and the first independent Journal, the Colombo Observer, published; the Colombo Academy was founded, and the first School Commission constituted.

The Right Hon'ble James Alexander Stewart Mackenzie, Governor of Ceylon from 7th November, 1837, to 4th April, 1841. During his administration Slavery was partially abolished; the first Sugar plantation was commenced in Doombera; Mail Coaches were started to Galle and Negombo; the Fish Tax abolished; and the Central School Commission constituted.

Lieutenant General Sir Colin Campbell, K. C. B., Governor from 5th April, 1841, to 19th April, 1847. During this period Slavery was finally abolished throughout the Island; a great impetus to Coffee planting took place; Banks were opened; the Civil Service reorganized, and Minor Courts of Justice established; the Asiatic Society was formed; the Island constituted by Letters Patent from the Great Seal an Episcopal See, and the Right Reverend J. Chapman, D. D., appointed the first Bishop of Colombo; the route for a Railway from Colombo to Kandy was also first surveyed by Mr. Drane.

(35) The Hon'ble Philip Anstruther, after filling various Offices in the Civil Service of Ceylon from the year 1819, was appointed Colonial Secretary in 1833, which Office he held until his retirement in 1845; he died on the 22nd May, 1863.

(36) The Hon'ble George Turnour was born in Ceylon in 1799, and, after completing his education in England, entered the service of the Colony in 1818, in which he attained to the highest rank, becoming successively Revenue Commissioner in Kandy, Government Agent of the Central Province (with a seat in the Executive Council), Acting Colonial Secretary, and Treasurer. Returning to Europe for the benefit of his health in 1842, he died at Naples on the 10th of April in the following year. His Epitome of the History of Ceylon, derived from Native Records, first appeared in the Ceylon Almanac for 1833; and the first volume of his translation of the Mahawanse was published at Colombo in 1837. He also communicated numerous papers on Budhism and translations from Pali documents to the Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society; and had planned a translation into English of a Pali version of the Budhist scriptures, but death prevented him from proceeding with the work.

(37) Sir James Emerson Tennent, Bart., Colonial Secretary from 1845 to 1850. Author of Christianity in Ceylon, 1 vol.;—Ceylon; an account of

the Island, Physical, Historical and Topographical, 2 vols.; The Natural History of Ceylon; The Wild Elephant, and other works

(38) Percival Acland Dyke, Esq., Extra Assistant in the Chief Secretary's Office. January 17, 1824; Assistant to the Collector of Jaffna, March 1, 1824; Fiscal and Sitting Magistrate of Jaffna, February 1, 1825; Provincial Judge, Trincomalee, February 1, 1827; Collector of Trincomalee and Agent of Government, Tamankadua, January 1, 1828; Collector of Jaffna, October 1, 1829; Government Agent, Fiscal and Collector of Customs, Jaffna, October 1, 1833; Acting Auditor General, January 27, 1843; Resumed duties as Government Agent, &c., at Jaffna, November 1, 1843; Proceeded to England on leave of absence, January 16, 1861; returned September 18, 1861; resumed duties, November 4, 1861; and died at Jaffna, 9th October 1867.

(39) The Hon'ble and Venerable J. D. Twisleton, D. D., Archdeacon of Colombo; a "Prince and Ruler in Israel," and a Churchman of a most enlarged, liberal, and catholic spirit; he died on the 15th August, 1824.

The Venerable B. Bailey, D. D., Archdeacon of Colombo, was appointed to the Ecclesiastical Establishment of Ceylon in 1829, and became Archdeacon in 1846. He held the Office till his resignation in 1852, and died in England the following year.

(40) The Right Rev. James Chapman, D. D., was appointed first Bishop of the Church of England in Ceylon on the 25th April, 1845, under Letters Patent from the Great Seal constituting the Island an Episcopal See, to be called the Bishoprick of Colombo. He retired on pension on the 16th July, 1861. St. Thomas's College with the adjoining Cathedral, are monuments of the earnestness and zeal with which the first Anglican Bishop strove to promote the spiritual and temporal interests of the people of his Diocess.

The Right Reverend J. M. Bravi. Arrived in Colombo as Missionary Apostolic, August 14th, 1845; was consecrated Bishop of Tipasa, 13th January, 1850; became Vicar Apostolic of Southern Ceylon, 25th January, 1857; and died at Suez on the 15th August, 1860. A most genial and liberal minded Prelate, for many years a member of the Central School Commission. The Churches of St. Philip and Mary on the Lake side, Colombo, and St. Thomas at Cotta, were erected during his Episcopate, almost entirely from funds provided by himself.

(41) The Rev. Daniel John Gogerly, General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission in South Ceylon, from 1838 to 1862, and member of the Central School Commission from its commencement in 1841, arrived in Colombo

in 1818, to take charge of the Wesleyan Mission Press; in 1823 he was accepted as a Missionary, in which capacity he continued engaged till his death on the 6th September, 1862. President for many years of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, he enriched their Journal by his translations of the Pali Budhistical Annals and other contributions relating to Budhism; compiled in the course of his studies a Pali and English Dictionary (not yet published); and translated into Singhalese the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. He also contributed many papers to the "Friend." His latest work, on the Evidences and Doctrines of the Christian Religion, in English and Singhalese, has done more for the overthrow of Budhism in the minds of its votaries, than any other publication that has been issued from the press.

(42) The Rev. Robert Spence Hardy, author of Eastern Monachism; A Manual of Budhism; the Sacred Books of the Budhists compared with History and Modern Science; the "Friend," "Treasure of Ceylon"; Jubilee Memorials; and numerous other writings. Wesleyan Missionary from 1825 to 1847, and General Superintendent of that Mission in South Ceylon from 1862 to 1865, when he returned to England, and died at Headingley, Leeds, on the 16th April, 1868.

(43) Rev. Ebenezer Daniel, Baptist Missionary from 1830 until his death on the 2nd June, 1844; a man who has been not unaptly named "the Apostle of Ceylon."

(44) The Rev. Benjamin Clough, one of the founders of the Wesleyan Mission in Ceylon in 1813, from which he retired in 1838. He died in England on the 13th April, 1853. A devoted Missionary and indefatigable student, he published in 1821 an English and Singhalese Dictionary, and in 1830, one in Singhalese and English; also a Pali Grammar and Vocabulary in 1824; and a translation of the Ritual of the Budhist Priesthood from the Pali Kamawáchan.

(45) The Rev. James Chater, founder of the Baptist Mission in 1812: died at sea January 3rd, 1829. Author of An Introduction to Singhalese Grammar; and one of the Board of Translators who completed that version of the Bible in Singhalese generally known as Tolfrey's, from its having been originally undertaken by Mr. William Tolfrey, whose premature death interrupted the progress of a work for which he was pre-eminently qualified.

The Rev. Samuel Lambrick, founder of the Church Mission in Ceylon in 1818, and principal translator of the Cotta version of the Scriptures:

author of a Grammar and Vocabulary of the Singhalese, and other works. He returned to England in 1835.

The Rev. William Bridgnell, Wesleyan Missionary in South Ceylon from 1822 to 1849; author of a Grammar in Singhalese and English; and a Singhalese and English Dictionary. He died April 19th, 1858.

(46) The Rev. Andrew Armour came to Ceylon in the year 1800. He was then connected with the Army, but from his knowledge of Tamil was appointed interpreter in that language to the Supreme Court. His discharge from the army being soon afterwards obtained, and his qualifications being undoubted, he was appointed Master of the Colombo Seminary at St. Sebastian, then the principal Educational establishment connected with the Government, He became a proponent in 1812, was ordained deacon by Bp. Middleton in 1821, and admitted to priest's orders in 1825 by Bp. Heber, after which he was appointed Chaplain of St. Paul's Colombo. An extraordinary man and linguist, he was accustomed to preach in the Singhalese, Tamil, Dutch and Portuguese languages, and it is said was acquainted with nine others besides.

The Rev. Daniel Poor, one of the founders of the American Mission in Jaffna, arrived in Ceylon on the 22nd March, 1816, and for nearly forty years (with the exception of six from 1836 to 1842 spent in Mission service in Madura on the Continent of India) laboured as a zealous Missionary and Educationist in the North of the Island. He died from an attack of Cholera on the 3rd February, 1855.

The Rev. John Marsh, Principal of the Christian Institution at Cotta from 1831 to 1836, when he was appointed Principal of the Colombo Academy on its establishment by the Government in that year. He died at sea in 1839 on his way to England.

The Rev. J. F. Haslam, B. A., of St. John's Coll. Camb., arrived in Colombo in 1839, having been appointed by the Church Missionary Society Principal of the Educational Institution at Cotta. On the death of Mr. Marsh he acted for a while as Principal of the Colombo Academy, until the appointment of the Rev. B. Boake. He acquired a thorough knowledge of Singhalese and Sanscrit; translated the Christa Sangíta of Dr. Mill from the latter language into the former, and was the author of an excellent treatise on Arithmetic, and other works.

The Rev. Joseph Knight was associated with Mr. Lambrick and others in founding the Church Mission in Ceylon. He arrived in 1818, and was stationed at Nellore, Jaffna. A profound Tamil Scholar; he had commenced and made considerable progress with a Tamil Dictionary when death put a period to his

labours. This work, which was subsequently completed and published by Dr. Miron Winslow at Madras, is recognized as the standard Dictionary of the Tamil language. He died at Cotta in 1840.

The Rev. Andrew Kessen, L. L. D., came to Ceylon in connection with the Wesleyan Mission in 1840, and was appointed in 1845 Rector of the Government Native Normal Institution, and in 1847, Principal of the combined Central School, Colombo, and Native Normal Institution, which appointment he held till his retirement in May, 1858. He was also Acting Colonial Chaplain at St. Andrew's Colombo, from 1852 to 1854.

The Rev. C. C. Fenn, Principal of the Cotta Christian Institution from 1851 to October 1863; now one of the Secretaries to the Church Missionary Society in England.

John Murdoch Esq., was Head Master of the Kandy Central School from 1844 to 1849, when he relinquished his office and became Secretary to the Singhalese Religious Tract Society, which merged into the Christian Vernacular Education Society in 1858. The vigour and efficiency of this Society is chiefly owing to the active energy of Mr. Murdoch. The Rev. R. Spence Hardy says of him in his "Jubilee Memorials," published in 1864, p. 285, "We know of no man, in all its history, to whom India (and Ceylon) is more indebted for varied and valuable service."

James Millar, Esq., Head Master and House Governor of George Watson's Hospital, Edinburgh, was Head Master of the Galle Central and Normal Schools from 1843 to 1849.

* Dr. George Gardner, F. L. S., &c., Superintendent of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Peradenia from 1844 to 10th March, 1848, the date of his death. Author of Travels in the Interior of Brazil during the years 1836—41; Sketch of the Geology, and Remarks on the Flora of Ceylon, in Lee's Ribeyro's Ceylon; contributions to the Calcutta Journal of Natural History, and Hooker's Journal of Botany, &c.

(47) The Rev. John G. Macvicar, D. D., Minister of Moffat, Dumfriesshire, author of "The Beautiful, the Sublime and the Picturesque;" the Catholic Spirit of True Religion, an Inquiry into Human Nature, &c. &c., was Chaplain of St. Andrew's, Colombo, from 1839 to November 1853; the first Clergyman of the Church of Scotland appointed Presbyterian Chaplain in Ceylon.

(48) Christopher Elliott, Esq., M. D., a philanthropic physician, and strenuous champion of the peoples' rights. For 24 years Editor and Proprietor of the Colombo Observer, he was appointed, in July 1858, Principal Civil Medical Officer of Ceylon, which office he held till his death on the 21st May, 1859.

(49) Sir John D'Oyley, Bart., President of the Kandyan Provinces, and Member of the Council of Government, was employed in the Civil Service of Ceylon from 1802. He died on the 25th May, 1824. A distingushed Oriental Scholar, and author of Notes on Lands aud Landed Tenures in the Kandyan Provinces.

Simon Sawers, Esq., Judicial Commissioner in the Residency of Kandy from August, 1821, to July, 1827; author of a Digest of Kandyan Laws: died 1849.

John Armour, Esq., son of the Rev. A. Armour, District Judge of the Seven Korles; author of a Grammar of the Kandyan Law, and Notes on the Origin of Caste and Slavery: died in 1849.

(50) Sir Hardinge Giffard, Chief Justice from 1819 to 1827: died at sea on his passage to England in the latter year.

Sir Richard Ottley, Chief Justice from 1827 to 1832.

The Honorable Henry Matthews, H. M. Advocate Fiscal from 1822; appointed Puisne Justice in 1827; died 20th May, 1828.

Sir Charles Marshall, Chief Justice from 1832 to 1836.

Sir William Norris, second Puisne Justice from 1833, sworn in as Chief Justice, 27th April, 1836; afterwards appointed Recorder of Penang.

Sir William Rough, Chief Justice from 1836 to 1838.

(51) The Honorable J. Jeremie, Senior Puisne Justice, 1837, and acting Chief Justice in 1838 9.

[The Honorable J. F. Stoddart (omitted from the text) Second Puisne Justice from 1836 to 1839.)

Sir Anthony Oliphant, Chief Justice from 1st May, 1839, to 17th June, 1854: died 11th March, 1859.

Sir W. O. Carr, Senior Puisne Justice from 1840 to 1854, when he succeeded Sir Anthony Oliphant as Chief. He died 24th April, 1856.

The Honorable J. Stark, Second Puisne Justice from 1841 to 1852.

Sir W. Carpenter Rowe, Chief Justice from 1856 till his death on the 9th November, 1859.

(52) The Honourable Arthur Buller, Queen's Advocate from 1840 to 1848, when he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, and Knighted; retired in 1858.

John James Staples, Esq., Deputy Queen's Advocate from 1838 until his appointment as District Judge of Kandy in 1842. He died in 1852.

The Honorable H. C. Selby, Queen's Advocate from 1848 to 1858. He

died in Paris, on his way to England, on the 12th January of that year.

(53) The Honorable James Stewart, Advocate of Supreme Court, 1844; Deputy to the Queen's Advocate for the Midland Circuit, 1845; Acting Deputy Queen's Advocate, 1847; Deputy Queen's Advocate, 1848; and Acting Queen's Advocate, 1849, in which office he died on the 18th November, 1851.

(54) Sir Henry George Ward, G. C. M. G., Governor of Ceylon from 11th May, 1855, to 29th June, 1860, when he left the Island to assume the Governorship of the Presidency of Madras. He died of Cholera on the 2nd August of the same year. The principal incidents of his Government in Ceylon are alluded to, pp. 135—140 in the text.

(55) Captain W. C. Moorsom, Chief Engineer of the Government Railway Survey, 1857, ordered to be made by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, for the purpose of determining certain matters connected with the question of the establishment of Railway Communication between Colombo and Kandy.

(56) W. T. Doyne, Esq., Chief Resident Engineer of the Ceylon Railway Company from 1857 to 1860.

(57) 3rd August, 1858. After the ceremony of inauguration 600 persons of all classes were entertained at a sumptuous banquet in a spacious bungalow extemporised for the occasion.

(58) Mr. Drane was appointed by the Ceylon Railway Company in 1846 to survey the country between Colombo and Kandy, with a view to the formation of a line of Railway between the Mountain and the Maritime capitals. His final Report was sent in on the second October of that year. All subsequent surveys have been to a considerable extent based upon his original Trace, his ideas upon which seem to have been admirably conceived.

(59) G. L. Molesworth, Esq., Locomotive and Mechanical Engineer to the Ceylon Railway Company in 1859. Acting Agent and Chief Engineer to 1862. Chief Resident Railway Engineer on the resumption of the works by Government in 1862. Director-General of the Railway, June, 5, 1865; and Director of Public Works, July 1, 1867.

F. W. Faviell, Esq., Contractor for the construction, and upkeep for seven years, of the Ceylon Government Railway. His contract for the work was concluded with the Ceylon Government on the 2nd February, 1863, and on the 5th March following he arrived in Ceylon for the purpose of commencing operations; which were completed and the line fully opened for Traffic by the 1st October, 1867.

(60) The Right Honorable the Viscount Torrington, Governor of Ceylon from the 26th May, 1847, to the 17th October, 1850—a period of considerable commercial distress and panic amongst the European community—and of disaffection and rebellion amongst the Natives. The measures taken by his Lordship's Government to allay the one and suppress the other, laid the foundation for the future prosperity of the Colony.

(61) The Ordinance No. 8 of 1848, combined with No. 14 of the same year. Commonly known as the Road Ordinances, under which every male in the Island from 18 to 55 years of age (with a few exceptions) was obliged to pay a certain sum annually, or perform an equivalent amount of work, for the construction and upkeep of the Minor Roads in each of the Provinces. These Ordinances were repealed in 1861, but their principal provisions were re-enacted with such improvements as the experience of past years suggested, by the Road Ordinance No. 10 of that year.

(62) Sir Philip E. Wodehouse, K. C. B. Entered the Civil Service of Ceylon in 1828, and rose to be Government Agent for the Western Province in 1843; was appointed Superintendent of Honduras in 1851; Governor of British Guiana in 1854, and in 1861 Governor of the Cape of Good Hope and High Commissioner in South Africa.

(63) Sir Charles Justin MacCarthy, Auditor General of Ceylon in 1847; acting Colonial Secretary in 1849; Lieutenant Governor, October and November 1850; Colonial Secretary in 1851, Lieutenant Governor from January to May, 1855, and Governor from 22nd October, 1860, to 30th November, 1863. He died at Spa, whither he had gone on leave of absence for the benefit of his health, on the 15th August, 1864. It was during his Administration as Lieutenant-Governor before Sir Henry Ward's appointment, that a commencement was made to repair and revive the old Irrigation Works; a policy energetically pursued by Sir Henry; and still further developed by the present able Governor of the Island, Sir Hercules G. R. Robinson.

(64) Sir Hercules G. R. Robinson, Lieutenant-Governor, 31st March, and Governor of Ceylon, 16th May, 1865. Chief Commissioner to inquire into the Fairs and Markets of Ireland in 1852; Resident of Montserrat in 1854; Lieutenant-Governor of St. Christopher, and Governor-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands, 1854; Governor of Hong Kong, 1859, from whence he was appointed to Ceylon.

(65) The Kahawatte, Kuruviti and Ratnapura Bridges are of Iron Lattice work, from the manufactory of R. Brotherhood of Chippenham. The

two former are each of a single span of 140 feet, and the latter of three spans of the same length, with a roadway of 18 feet width.

(66) The Knuckles District possesses a specimen of that singular phenomenon, a Ringing Stone. It is a large boulder about 7 feet by 6 by 6, and stands near the summit of the ridge beside the boundary of old Goomera and old Tunisgalla, on a narrow base, and surrounded by numerous fragments of apparently similar material, but none of which have its peculiar property of sounding when stricken. It emits, when struck by a hammer, a clear ringing note, which the faintest tap is sufficient to produce. The natives have all sorts of traditions and stories respecting it.—Vide correspondence in Ceylon Observer of August 29, 1867.

(67) The Kallibokka District; generally spoken of amongst Planters and others as "The Valley."

(68) The *Datura arborea.*

(69) *Totum,* Tamul for garden; applied in a more extended sense to to denote Coffee estates or cultivated grounds.

(70) *Doray,* Tamul for master. *Peria Doray,* great master; *Sinne Doray,* little master; used to designate the Superintendent and his Assistant on an Estate. Every superior is Peria Doray to those below him.

(71) Goat weed *Ageratum conyzoides.* Spanish needle, *Bidens chinensis.*

(72) Coffee Bug. *Lecanium Caffea,* (Wlk.)

(73) Coffee rat, *Golunda Elliot,* (Gray) is an insular variety of the *Mus hirsutus* of W. Elliot, found in Southern India. It is said to leave the forest jungle and attack the Coffee plantations on the destruction or decay of the Nilloo, (Strobilanthes,) a brittle jointed plant well known in the mountain districts of Ceylon, where it forms a complete undergrowth in the forest. "When in bloom," writes Sir Emerson Tennent, "their red and blue flowers are a singularly beautiful feature in the landscape, and are eagerly searched by the honey bees. Some species are said to flower only once in five, seven or nine years; and after ripening their seed they die."

The white borer *Xylotrochus quadrupe* (Chevrolat,) and the black borer *Zeuzera Caffea* (Neitner). The first named is most destructive in its ravages in the Coffee districts of India, and the latter occasionally so in Ceylon. They are species of the Beetle tribe which deposit their eggs in Coffee trees, the larvæ of which, escaping from the eggs, bore through and destroy the trees in which they have been matured.

(74) A great improvement has lately been made on the shoot, in the Knuckles' district, by applying it to the purpose of suspending the spouting over and across deep ravines.

(75) Tavalum, a caravan of the small native breed of cattle used as pack bullocks for the conveyance of stores and produce through newly opened or sparsely roaded districts.

(76) *Wattie*, Siŋhalese for garden, used also to denote an estate.

(77) There are two varieties of the Kittool palm, from the sap of one of which (the *Caryota urens*) a coarse brown sugar is made, and the pith of which yields a farina almost equal to that of sago; and the other, the *Caryota horrida*, which has a coating of thorns six or eight feet from the ground each about an inch in length.

(78) The Kittool and Battagalla oyas are the two principal tributaries of the Mooragaha oya in the upper portion of the Knuckles valley.

(79) The Hoolaganga is the river flowing through the Kallibokka valley. The Fall below the Bridge on the Knuckles Road is exceedingly beautiful. Two other falls, higher up the river, are well worthy of a visit.

(80) Ceylon is divided for Revenual and Administrative purposes into six Provinces, each one presided over by a Government Agent. They are called from their geographical positions, the Western, North-western, Southern, Eastern, Northern, and Central Provinces.

ERRATA.

Page	31	line	2	from top	*for*	colour'd	*read*	flashing
„	89	„	6	„		Loved	„	Lived
„	96	„	9	„		thy	„	they
„	155	„	8	„		must	„	will
„	168	„	18	„		1867	„	1847

MOUNTAIN LIFE AND COFFEE CULTIVATION IN CEYLON;—A POEM ON THE KNUCKLES RANGE, with other Poems. By WILLIAM SKEEN.

"IN the main poem Mr. Skeen records the impressions derived from a visit to the Knuckles District, and in the text alludes to, while in the notes he affords, valuable information respecting historical personages and events. The specimens quoted will give our readers some idea of a poem in which, clustered round the scenery of the Knuckles we have described to us a large portion of the incidents of coffee planting life, much history, ancient and modern, more or less connected with the coffee enterprise, with striking references to Hindu mythology. The notes, which explain the brief allusions in the poem, embody a fund of interesting and curious information. The work is probably the most beautifully got up that has ever issued from the local press, and we trust the venture will be largely encouraged."—*Ceylon Observer.*

"The main poem treats of a well known Coffee District, its magnificent scenery, its hospitable planters, and its prosperity. There is abundant evidence in the poem that Mr. Skeen does not now come before the public for the first time. He has at least the assurance, gained from experience, to encourage him in his aspirations; and if he has not quite succeeded in establishing a poetic reputation of the highest order, he yet gives ample promise of better results in the future. With a wonderful facility for versification, and an inexhaustible resource for rhyme, Mr. Skeen has amplified his subject in a manner which less practised or more timorous hands would hardly have dared. The main poem suggests to us the idea of a rich store of pagodas cast about in lavish prodigality, mixed with less precious coin. It cannot in our opinion fail to earn for the author an eminent place among those who have sung of the wondrous works of nature. The versification of the other pieces of which the book is made up is exquisite, the sentiments noble, and the whole is finished off in a manner that would do credit to any acknowledged father of song. We can recommend the book as well worthy perusal, not only for the sake of its poetic beauties, but also on account of the valuable mass of information it contains both in the body of the main poem, and the copious notes at the end."—*Colombo Examiner.*

"One of the most attractive volumes of flowing verse that Ceylon has ever sent forth. In short, there has never been anything to approach it. The typography is perfect, the general getting up of the book all that could be desired, and the verses are highly descriptive.'—*Ceylon Times.*

By the same Author.

EARLY TYPOGRAPHY, OR LETTER PRESS PRINTING IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

"This little work, issued from the [Ceylon] Government Press, does credit to the author and printer alike...We can say in all truth and honesty, that the work of Mr. Skeen would reflect credit on any Printing Office in the world. He has certainly illustrated what has been done for the improvement of Printing in Ceylon by *himself*, for to him it is entirely due. He has issued a pamphlet of sound historical matter, carefully written, admirably printed, and on excellent paper. The matter consists of a history of the discovery of the Art of Printing and its various improvements, down to the close of the Fifteenth Century; and while it contains much new and interesting matter, there is but one fault to find with it:—it is too short, and stops at a very interesting point...We welcome such works with the right hand of fellowship; and in conclusion, we will only add, that we hope Mr. Skeen will have the inclination and leisure to complete this history of the Art of Printing, in the first part of which, now published, he has imparted his information in so agreeable a manner, and illustrated the present state of the Art by so perfect an example."—*Colombo Examiner.*

Dedicated, by Special Permission,

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Foolscap 4to. 408 *pages.*

ADAM'S PEAK.

LEGENDARY, TRADITIONAL, AND HISTORIC NOTICES of the SAMANALA and SRI'-PA'DA; with a Descriptive Account of the PILGRIM'S ROUTE from Colombo to the Sacred Foot-print; to which are added, copious Notes, Appendices, and an Index. Illustrated by a Map of the Mountain District, and 10 wood-engravings.

By WILLIAM SKEEN.

EDWARD STANFORD, 6 & 7, Charing Cross, London, S. W. 1870.

Extracts from Reviews by Ceylon Journalists.

"IT has long been a wonder, and the wonder is a growing one, that so small an Island as Ceylon should attract so many writers. All the Books on Ceylon, about Ceylon, and touching Ceylon, if collected into one group, we are certain, would make a goodly library of itself, but the subject appears to be inexhaustible. The most recent contribution to this accretion of works on Ceylon, or rather touching Ceylon, is Mr. SKEEN'S Book on Adam's Peak, which, without laying ourselves open to the charge of indiscriminate or extravagant praise, we feel justified in pronouncing worthy the subject, and worthy the writer. Mr. SKEEN has at last got into his natural groove, the exploration and elucidation of the romantic traditions, legends, and folk-lore which cluster round the sacred places of Ceylon. Adam's Peak is pre-eminently a land-mark in the history of the Island, and while it serves to bridge twenty centuries of the past with the present, it has never lost its own peculiar distinctive character, which as the central object of a nation's faith it has for so long occupied. As it is the most conspicuous and remarkable object in the physical geography of the Island, so has it stood the everlasting monument of a tradition, pointing to the mission of that great philosopher who, more than twenty centuries ago, succeeded in revolutionizing the faith of a whole continent. It is somewhat remarkable that a religion which aspires after annihilation and extinction of all corporeal existence, should yet recognize the imperishable, rock-crowned mountain, as one of the symbols of its faith. Mr. SKEEN does not enter into the metaphysics of this question. His business has been to trace out the old traditions and legends, and while refraining from expressing an opinion himself, he has supplied the reader with abundant material from which to draw his own conclusions. He carries us throughout the whole range of ancient Eastern lore; and from the great Hindu epic, the Ramayana, down to the most recent works on the Island, he has ransacked the dark recessess

of oriental literature, to illustrate his subject. Mr. Skeen has entered on his task in a spirit of research, and influenced by the strong poetic vein for which he has hitherto been so well known, he has embellished his subject—a subject which in the hands of a mere antiquarian threatened to become dull and prosy—with the life and spirit of romance.

Mr. Skeen, as we have already observed, has ransacked all the authorities, ancient and modern, that could throw light on his subject, and it is no small praise to state, that he has added to a great power of research an admirable talent for condensation, while his own narrative of personal investigation and exploration, written in flowing easy language, often rising to the height of poetry, presents the gorgeous scenes which he describes in an animated tableau that brings within one focus, the cloud-capped mountains, the roaring torrents and the arid plains, through which lies the course of the pilgrims. It is hardly possible to imagine, looking at the heads of chapters in the table of contents, how Mr. Skeen could manage to reduce the heterogeneous mass of subjects indicated into one harmonious whole, but the reader has only to take up the narrative, and he scarcely perceives the transition from one to another.

We have great pleasure in recommending the Book to the Public. It is even worthy to stand by the best that has been written of Ceylon, and its value as a very readable book is enhanced by the use to which it may be put as a work of reference, not only with regard to the Peak itself, but also, to the History of the Island generally. The book is illustrated with a map of the Peak range, and ten well-executed wood-cuts illustrative of the Peak and its accessories; and, with a copious and well-arranged index, it is admirably calculated to serve as a guide to those whom Mr. Skeen's Book may inspire with the desire of exploring the mountain region which has continued to attract to its sacred pinnacle the Traveller, the Historian, and the Pilgrim, from the days when Sindbad the Sailor "made a pilgrimage to the place where Adam was confined after his banishment from Paradise."—*Colombo Examiner.*

"The author of 'Adam's Peak,' has accomplished a most difficult task uncommonly well."

"The book opens with introductory remarks on the origin of Buddhist, Hindu, and other pilgrimages to Adam's Peak. With Chapter III. the author commences an account of a pilgrimage to the holy mountain made by himself and three companions, and which forms a kind of cabinet made to contain the curiosities, with an inspection of which the author indulges us. In a pleasant chatty style the literary pilgrim-author describes the road to Avissáweḷa, dwelling upon all objects worthy of remark by the way, and noting all historical facts and curious legends connected with the towns and villages through which he passed. Leaving Avissáweḷa, the pilgrimage is continued towards what was for long considered the loftiest mountain in Ceylon, Adam's Peak; entertaining details being given of "Síta's bath," the Mániyaṇgama vihára or rock temple, and the Saman Déwálé, where the author mentions finding a most curious mural stone. After giving us a description of the curious old town of Ratnapura, the pilgrims again start onwards. After passing Palábaddala, where the travellers obtain a view of the Peak, which is greeted by cries of "Sadhu!" by all true pilgrims, the most enjoyable portion of the journey appears to begin. We can only pause long enough to draw the reader's attention to the interesting passages about elephants contained in chapter VI., and their supposed habit of retiring to one

spot when about to die, and the curious legend of the Bḙna Samanala, or "False Peak," in the same chapter. Space will not allow us to do more than glance at the Kuruwiṭa Falls, and the halt at Hḙramiṭipána, where the congregation of pilgrims is graphically described.

There are many men who have determination and curiosity sufficient to induce them to set out on three different pilgrimages, which in spite of the pleasant places through which the way lies, plainly entailed much fatigue and inconvenience, but there are few gifted with the great powers of observation which the writer of "Adam's Peak" evidently possesses, or the ability to express their impressions which he evinces. Whether toiling over a mountain, rambling amidst the ruins of an old Buddhist temple, or excavating those curiosities of fact and tradition of which but for this literary pilgrim we should have remained in ignorance, the author has in almost every page got something new to tell us about, which he relates in a remarkably happy way.

Having attentively perused "Adam's Peak," it remains for us to pass upon it our carefully formed opinion. In a former notice we said that the author had "accomplished a most difficult task uncommonly well," and we reiterate our statement. To have compressed so much useful knowledge into so small a compass can only be the result of deep research and hard and persevering study. Mr. SKEEN has collected a number of local traditions, legends, and facts, which he has elaborately arranged, and by a pleasant account of incidents connected with his three pilgrimages to the holy mountain, unites the whole in a pleasing and sightly form. The book abounds in quotations which are generally apt and appropriate. The foot notes and copious appendix form by no means the least valuable part of the work. It is very neatly and nicely printed, and contains several tolerably executed woodcuts. Bound tastefully in cloth Mr. SKEEN's publication would be equally suitable to the student's library, or the ladies' boudoir."—*Ceylon Times.*